

WEEK
ENDING
SEPT. 27, 1930

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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VIÑA A. ROY WALTON EDWARD LAWRENCE
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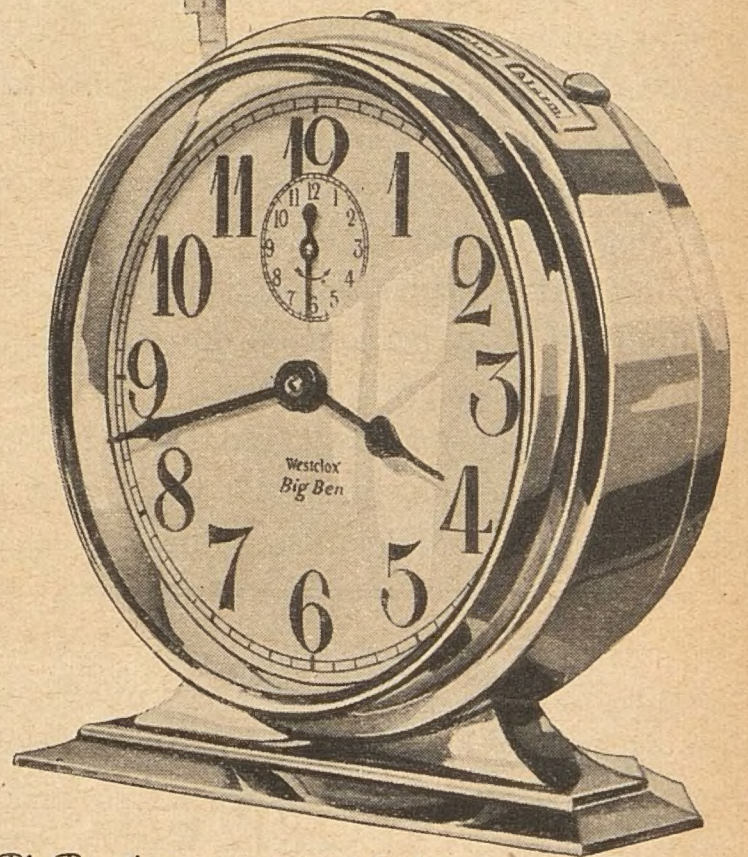
A mighty army . . . millions upon millions . . . rely on Big Ben to wake them every morning, and year in and year out enjoy the many rewards of *unfailing punctuality*.

Big Ben, a sturdy, handsome fellow, ever faithful

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SEPT. 27,
1930

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —Stephen Decatur.

THE SPORT OF FLYING

We have written it "sport" and we'll let it stand, but we are not sure we ought not to call it the *art* of flying. It is a matter of rhythm, beauty, line, proportion. Most of the factors that figure in art figure in flying.

Art is supposed to be a higher aspect of emotional experience than sport, and, without trying to be funny or unduly ecstatic, we think flying deserves such a classification.

And yet the fact remains that, according to figures recently set forth by the Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Aëronautics, only about 1,200 out of 6,786 licensed planes in the United States are used for what he terms "pleasure flying."

This seems strange, because when it comes to sport it appears that no other human activity can give it to you in such full measure.

It offers this paradox in human emotions: it gives a sense of more complete responsibility and at the same time of more complete irresponsibility than any other activity can afford. It gives a sense of responsibility because for the time being, in the air, you are entirely responsible for what instinct tells you is the most precious thing in the world—your life. Reason may say that there are other things more precious, but your heart and your vitals insist that your own life is first.

And while you are aloft you can't share responsibility. There is no lawyer to help you. You can't talk the cop out of giving you a ticket, or alibi yourself by saying you didn't hear the instructions, the letter never came, or you didn't understand what your best girl meant. It's all up to you.

On the other hand, flying gives the greatest sense of irresponsibility because in the air all your mundane troubles—your debts and quarrels, Johnny's measles, the job you didn't get or are maybe about to lose, the fact that you are too fat and your hair is turning gray—all these diminish in importance and become trivial. It is like drinking a couple of glasses of champagne in removing from you a detailed sense of responsibility.

Then, further, there is the enlargement of vision and the awareness of geography which you get from the air as compared with what you see on the road. The Delaware River shrinks to a rivulet, the Chicago River is a mere filament, and the Rocky Mountains, though still glorious, become easily surpassable when you're up there in the air.

Now, why don't more people fly?

We maintain that it can't be a matter of expense, because folks spend greater amounts on polo, horse-racing, and yachting than on flying. And we don't think it's fear. Probably it is because flying is new. We are not accustomed to it.

The fact that an element of risk remains is no deterrent to young men, or girls either. It's the strangeness—the traveling in three dimensions instead of two.

We believe young athletes with wealthy dads would be flying in great numbers instead of small ones if they knew what it is like. We are convinced of the sincerity and acumen of those who say the greatest sport in the world is being neglected.

Of course it takes a little time to learn, but your trouble is magnificently worth while. Crossing the country in the air is as much more exhilarating and faster than travel by automobile as travel by automobile is ahead of walking.

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*Here is a New
and Remarkable
Invention*

**Banishes all chafing
and all discomfort
from Women's Hygiene**



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An entirely new kind of a sanitary pad, that cannot chafe or irritate.

A pad that remains effective HOURS LONGER than other sanitary methods.

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FILLED—3 TIMES LONGER LASTING

Banishes All Possibility of Irritation . . . 5 Times More Absorbent Than Other Sanitary Methods . . . Remains Effective Hours Longer

Banishes All Chafing; All Irritation

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Remains Effective Hours Longer!

This new invention also makes it 5 or more times more absorbent than other sanitary methods.

Thus it gives COMPLETE SAFETY and protection HOURS LONGER.

Consider what this means.

It is specially treated with a deodorant of great power—and thus ends even *slightest danger* of embarrassment. Discards, of course, easily as tissue.

Accept This Offer

Accept this offer. Try VELDOWN. You'll never go back to less gentle, less efficient ways.

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Address.....

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You'll laugh, you'll chuckle, you'll forget your own troubles listening to these programs, which will come to you over an international hook-up.

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FIRST BROADCAST SEPTEMBER 24, EASTERN DAYLIGHT TIME
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HAROLD LLOYD in "FEET FIRST"
Will Soon Be Seen in Leading Theatres Everywhere



NO DISTORTION!

A radio whose units are but partially balanced can only bring you the distorted tone pictured at the left. With Philco's exact balancing of all units in the set, you get the true, clear, undistorted tone pictured at the right

The great
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in radio...

PHILCO BABY GRAND . . . \$49.50

... two months old ...
years ahead in popular favor

LIKE the understudy who played a star part and woke up famous, the Philco Baby Grand Radio has won a public of its own in two short months.

This great little radio—understudy to the famous Philco Line of super-performing radios—is the first full-fledged, big-toned, finely-selective Screen Grid Radio ever produced at such a price.

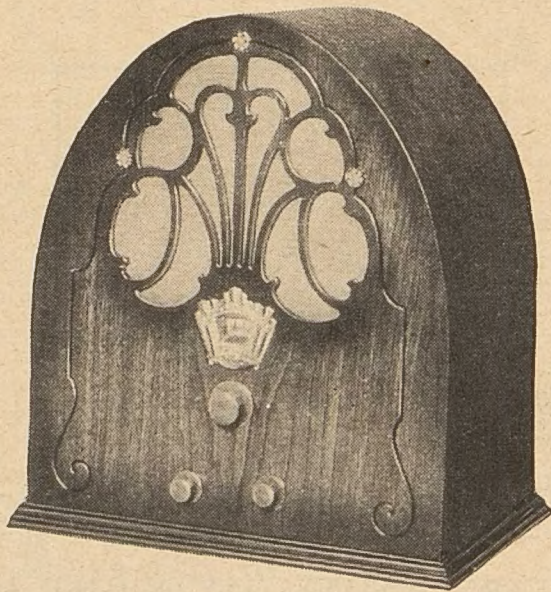
When announced a month ago we said, "Philco *knows* the public will want a lot of these wonderful sets." The prophecy has been fulfilled—in quick time. The demand already is enormous. And no wonder!

The Philco Baby Grand has the *quality* you look for in receivers costing many times this price. It is a Balanced-Unit set—Philco's exclusive method of balancing all electrical units to give full, rich, true tone, *without distortion*.

Seven tubes; three of them Screen Grid; and double-tuned input circuit gives remarkable selectivity without cross-talk. The built-in speaker is genuine electro-dynamic. The handsome Gothic design cabinet is genuine walnut. Never before have trade and public seen such a **VALUE**.

Many want it for an **EXTRA** radio set. The day has come, too, when many people find they want **TWO** radio sets.

While the young folks dance to a jazz program in the parlor, Father and Mother can listen to some fine music upstairs. For the guest room, the Baby Grand is hospitality supreme. For that boy or girl at college, the Baby Grand adds entertainment to higher education at a mighty low tuition fee. And what a gift it makes, for all occasions!



The Philco Baby Grand is all-electric. It just plugs into any AC light socket and is easily moved from room to room; finely sensitive; tunes accurately and gives genuine "big radio" performance in compact space.

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PHILCO

BALANCED-UNIT RADIO



Joyce found
Dida asleep
on the couch.

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

CLOSE-UP

*The Story of a Man, a Maid,
and the Touch of Midas*

(Reading time: 22 min., 20 sec.)

DIDA'S first mistake was in supposing that she could hold Chris Pendleton. Dida was pretty enough, but love for Dida was love and no fooling. That wasn't what Chris wanted. He wanted someone who'd keep him awake nights wondering what she thought of him. Dida couldn't play "hard-to-get." She was in love. So many women had been in love with Chris before that he could hardly summon up enough interest in Dida to fool her and forget her. But finally he did snatch enough time out of his busy life to give her a few warm kisses before the cold shoulder.



By
VINA DELMAR

the young New Yorker whose transition from usher in a movie theater to one of the best known writers of fiction in America has been so rapid that she herself can hardly believe it. Most of her stories have appeared in Liberty.

Pictures by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

without being run over. Any hobo can chisel their last dollar out of them and a soft-spoken man can have them body and soul for a kind word.

Hollywood was no place for Dida anyhow. She wasn't

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Bagging Dida was so simple that it was unsportsmanlike. She was just another of the girls that one sees every day on Broadway or Hollywood Boulevard. Hard, wise-cracking, and, oh, so very independent. Or that's what they would have you believe. When you get to know them you wonder how they got so far

[CLOSE-UP
[Cont'd from page 9]

the stuff of which stars are made. She might better have stayed on Broadway, but after five years in the chorus she began to think it high time for an escape. It had been just that moment when Joyce Ansen had said, "How about Hollywood?"

Joyce was a leading lady. She had been in a show with Dida and in some unaccountable way a tremendous affection had sprung up between the two. Joyce had gotten a fat contract from one of the companies and Dida thought that the best time to try Hollywood would certainly be while she had her wagon hitched to a star.

THUS Dida in Hollywood, and because of Joyce it was possible for her to meet so illustrious an individual as Chris Pendleton, the really great director. He had come to Joyce's first party in her Beverly Hills home. Beverly Hills is the place where all good movie stars go when they buy.

Chris looked at Joyce first because she was Joyce Ansen. He looked away again because Joyce had a little snub nose, straight, colorless hair, a mouth that was too large and eyes that were too small. The professional eye of Chris saw in Joyce a radiant attractiveness that would make millions for the company, but the eye with which he picked his flames wandered swiftly away from her.

He saw Dida then. Dida with her yellow-brown eyes and strangely incongruous bands of golden-red hair. He had himself promptly presented and Dida Cameron fell in love.

Dida told Joyce as soon as the guests had gone. She was the sort who desperately needs a confidant in happiness but in grief nurses the hurt with jealous secrecy.



HE quoted, used obscure words, and completely overawed her with his knowledge.



"Oh, he's simply grand, Joyce. I'm going to see him some time next week. He promised he'd call me up."

"You're not going back to New York then, I take it," Joyce smiled.

"Not for a while, I guess. You don't mind if I stick around, do you?"

"You fool, haven't I begged you to?"

"Yes, I know you have. Gosh, I feel guilty, though, living in a hundred-thousand-dollar house on a forty-five-dollar wallet."

"To hell with you," said the duchess." Joyce could

laugh then. The future was still unguessed. Joyce had never lived with love before. She had pictured it kind and gentle and inspiring. She was totally unprepared for the events which occurred in the ensuing months. Joyce, who had battled her way from check room to stardom, had retained a vision of love which had been given her by movie fadeouts in her girlhood. The man is spiritually cleansed and infinitely tender. The woman is more beautiful than ever before and her eyes are turned toward the cottage with the morning-glories twined about

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CLOSE-UP
Continued from page eleven]

the door. Certainly had Joyce dreamed of the red, raw hurt that love could be she would have sent Dida packing, but Joyce was to have her disillusionments vicariously. Thus do God's favorites acquire their share of suffering.

Unlike Joyce, Dida had never thought of love. She was not imaginative. Her background was that of thousands of other chorus girls. Decent, well regulated, middle-class family. One year of high school. An office. The discovery of beauty and then the chorus.

Dida had noticed men. They were the natural and uninspiring awards handed over to pretty girls at regular intervals. They bought flowers, meals, an occasional hat, and got fresh. Some girls let them get fresh. Dida never had. She did not hold herself aloof because she was fastidious nor did she wait for any dream lover nor even had she scruples. Dida was a good girl because she was brought up to be a good girl and no man had ever attracted her enough to make her wonder if extenuating circumstances counted against one.

Chris Pendleton was the first man Dida ever met who could call upon Shakespeare, the Bible, and Greek philosophy to prove he was right in any contention. He quoted, used obscure words, and completely overawed her with his knowledge. She had no way of knowing that he had one motto for movie producers and beautiful girls: "Use five-syllable words on them and you're always right." A banal enough motto, but many movie producers and many beautiful ladies had fought over Chris Pendleton. So much for banality.

Joyce observed also that Chris Pendleton wasn't a great director for nothing. From Dida she got almost faithful descriptions of the places Chris took her and what they talked about. When they drove to the ocean and sat watching the golden moon dip toward the romantic Pacific Chris spoke softly to her of love and the deep mystery of the breathless night about them.

"Hm," said Joyce, "if a man had me out there he'd talk automobiles and the great progress of technicolor. But they go Rudy Vallée for you, you darned redhead."

ONLY it wasn't all moonlight and soft words for Dida, as Joyce knew even by this time. She had seen Dida sitting white and tense by the telephone waiting till midnight for a call that had been due four hours before. She had heard Dida crying quietly and had watched her grow thin and allow dark circles to appear beneath her eyes.

After all, there were only two months of comparative happiness for Dida and then the dark days set in with painful earnestness. Chris Pendleton had proved once more that he was irresistible and was off to prove it again.

Dida did not feel that he had harmed her in any way nor that he owed her anything. It was just that she loved him so that her need of him was a racking torment. His voice on the phone was a tonic, the sight of him a dizzying joy.

He had not forsaken her completely. Sometimes he dropped in to say hello. Twice after Dida knew she had lost him he had taken her to the Montmartre because she was decorative. Sometimes he sent Richie Frayne over as a proxy.

Richie was visiting Chris. He was a friend from the east. An artist. Nobody knew anything about Richie except that he drew pictures of the stars to whom Chris introduced him. He did not try to sell his pictures. When asked the price he would flush miserably and murmur something about making them for his own amusement to add to his collection.

He was a shy, blond boy not more than twenty-five. He was a poor substitute for Chris Pendleton. He would sit for an hour gazing at Dida with a woeful, hurt expression in his pale eyes. That was after she had begun to drink with the sole idea of inducing a temporary mental paralysis that would allow a night's sleep.

Joyce was alarmed and angry at this new development, but a deep pity for Dida's unhappiness held her helpless. Nights when Dida went to her room sober, Joyce could hear her moving about restlessly, lighting cigarettes,

opening and closing drawers, crying. She would go to her then and Dida would sob on Joyce's shoulder and swear that she could not and would not bear it. She would rehearse the hours she had spent with Chris, tell all over again the things he had said at Santa Monica, the way he had looked when he had said them. A rising contempt for Dida's weakness and foolishness would be checked by the realization that calling a failing by its name does not remove it. There was the night to be gotten through, the chance that Dida would try suicide, and always the



fact that Joyce was due on the set early in the morning. There was nothing to do but open the cellaret and sit with Dida till unconsciousness overtook her.

The sturdy middle-class qualities with which her parents had endowed her fell away from Dida. She thought no more of being an expense to Joyce. She never went near a studio or an office in search of work. Joyce thought to create a spark of pride in her by mentioning the fact that now she even bought Dida's cigarettes.

"Don't worry," Dida replied. "You've bought nearly the last pack for me."

THIS so frightened Joyce that her work that day was extremely muddle-headed and unconvincing.

Dida hardly bothered to dress any more. Most times she sat about in a kimono, the heavy loops of red-gold hair slipping untidily about her thin, pale face. The rumor went about that Joyce Ansen's chum was taking drugs and that Joyce certainly wouldn't permit it unless she, too—well, it was said over tables at the Brown Derby and Henry's and even got as far as the Blossom Room at the Roosevelt.

Joyce's little philosophy about friendship kept her from loathing Dida. When she was away from her Dida always appeared in memory as she had been in the east or during the first months in Hollywood. Beautiful, dumb, decent, and devoted.

The situation went from bad to worse. Joyce, with a three weeks' rest between pictures, wanted to go to Palm Springs, but Dida would not go.

Suppose Chris should call in the meanwhile? Joyce dared not leave without Dida. She spent the time instead

"I'll love you till I die and always take care of you. I'll take you east where there're sane people and sane scenery."



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLACC

earnestly fighting Dida, trying to save her from herself. It was like butting one's head against a stone wall. Dida admitted the truth of all Joyce's arguments. Yes, she knew that Chris would not care if she drank herself to death. Yes, she knew she was spiting only herself. Yes, she knew she was losing her looks and her health. But she didn't care, she didn't care. Couldn't Joyce and Richie and all other well meaning people for God's sake go away and let her die?

Joyce divided the contents of the cellaret between the tradespeople who came to her kitchen. Dida must be saved even though nights of torment were the price. She must be pulled together. But Dida was intent upon her own destruction. Joyce, returning from a short shopping

tour on the second day of the cure, found Dida asleep on the couch, an empty bottle beside her—and a little jade tree from the mantelshelf was missing.

It wasn't odd that Joyce went back to the studio after her "rest" all ready for a breakdown.

Anybody but Joyce would have gotten rid of Dida long before this point. Even she in tired, defeated moments thought of sanatoriums, but it seemed like betrayal to hand Dida and her sore heart over to stiff medical people.

Then one day Chris Pendleton got married. Richie Frayne was among the first to know it. He came swiftly to Joyce and told her. Joyce dissolved into weak tears. She felt that she could bear no more scenes, no more lying awake in terror lest Dida kill herself. And now this. Certainly it had been a frail hope that had kept life in Dida's emaciated body. What now?

"Maybe I can make things come right," Richie said. He did not look at Joyce as he spoke and she saw the ready flush spreading over his face.

"How?" she asked. Richie cope with Dida? Joyce's eyes wandered to his thin, almost girlish hands. She thought of the night she had literally fought Dida when Dida, reeling and wild-eyed, was intent upon facing Chris at the Embassy and having a talk with him.

"Why, I—" Richie stammered painfully. "Maybe she'd go with me. I could take her off your hands."

"You?"

Richie was hurt at her sharp question. "Why not?" he asked.

"Oh, no reason except that I'm surprised. You mean you—"

"Yes, I love her."

Joyce shook her head. "Richie, she's a lost woman. She'll bring you only unhappiness. Let me manage her."

"I'm going to ask her if she'll marry me," he answered doggedly. "I want her. I asked her once before, but she was different then and I wasn't much of a catch, I guess, for a girl with looks like Dida's. But I think she could—could sort of use me now. Especially when Chris is actually sold at last on one woman."

THERE'S no question about it—love is absolutely blind. That Richie Frayne with all his wholesome youth and blond good looks could ardently plead for Dida's hand is a case for the book.

Neither Dida nor Richie had a sense of dramatics nor of the ludicrous. She sat listening to him without a show of interest. She wore a red kimono that had been clean when Dida had filched it from Joyce's wardrobe. Her face had a slightly yellowish tinge. Her hair was dead and heavy from neglect. Her nails were bitten and ragged. She had taken the news of Chris' marriage without a murmur. So often had she faced this possibility in frenzied dreams that it could be no shock to her now.

"But I don't want to go with you," she said dully.

"Why not? Dida, you won't be sorry. I'll love you till I die and always take care of you. I'll take you east where there're sane people and sane scenery. Back to the place where there are seasons and houses that aren't lavender stucco."

She smiled wanly. "Richie," she said, "I haven't the energy."

"What about Joyce? You're ruining her work. She worries so about you that she's falling off tremendously. Have a little sporting instinct, Dida. For God's sake, suppose you died here? Do you realize what the Hays organization would do to Joyce? God, they'd crucify her!"

Dida's queer yellow-brown eyes turned on him and he saw panic in them. Her hand went to her mouth and she tore meditatively at her thumb nail. "How could they blame Joyce?" she asked.

"It's her house, isn't it? She puts up the money for what you get, doesn't she? It would be bad enough for her to let you drink yourself to death, but the town is saying that you take drugs. Let Joyce try to laugh that off if anything happens to you."

Richie Frayne was not stupid. He saw that Dida's old sense of decency was slightly aroused.

"Something happening to you may not be problemati-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

CLOSE-UP
[Continued from page thirteen]

cal either," he went on. "You look like walking death now."
She did and it hurt him to say so, but there was no time to spare anybody's feelings.

Dida left Hollywood next evening after a quiet wedding. Whether she did it for Joyce's sake or Richie's sake or Dida's sake no one will ever know, but go she did. Joyce clung to her in parting and cried. Dida looked so sick and shabby. What a bride, with her big murky eyes searching the station platform just in case *he* was there to say good-by. But there was only Richie, clean-cut and confident.

"Don't worry, Joyce," he kept saying. "I'll take care of her—and how! When you see her again, she'll be plump and happy."

Joyce was doubtful as she looked at Dida's unhealthy color and the droop of her once lovely shoulders.

The train pulled out at last and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Frayne left Hollywood with only Joyce Ansen at the station to wave a damp handkerchief in the general direction of the observation car.

Certainly no marriage ever began with a more un auspicious honeymoon. Richie knew that a train with its inadequate quarters was no place to begin a cure. Dida was to have her way on the long journey. She never left the stateroom until they reached Chicago and throughout the trip she had alternated between black despair and sodden slumber.

At Chicago she refused to board the east-bound train. She was going back to Hollywood, she said. She realized now that she could not go where news of Chris Pendleton would never reach her and a sight of him could not be hoped for. She must go back. Richie didn't understand this thing that ate at her heart and made her unable to go with him. Richie couldn't understand. He was too blond and idealistic. She was grateful, she said, but she couldn't go with him.

Richie tried to reason with her, but she laughed. Her laughter was not meant to hurt him. It was only that he and his little arguments were so picayune when ranged against Chris Pendleton and her terrible need of him. But Richie suddenly killed her laughter.

"Dida," he said, "I'm your husband now. I've a certain legal control over you. You get on that train or I swear to God I'll have you in a home for incurable cases before the hour is out. I'll swear your life away before I'll see you go back to Hollywood. I'll put you where you'll never get out again."

She didn't doubt that he meant it. She was frightened of this young, resourceful stranger. There was no Joyce to turn to. There was only Richie, whose pale eyes gleamed with determination and who didn't flush or stammer.

"All right," she said. "I'm not a fool. I won't call your bluff. I'll go to New York if that's what you want. I have friends there and I'll be back in Hollywood within a week."

DIDA scarcely slept on the trip from Chicago. She drank too much, smoked too much, and ate nothing. Richie did not interfere. One more day of dissipation wouldn't kill her. He watched her and wondered how Chris Pendleton had been able to do this thing to her. First she had drunk to forget Chris and now she drank because it was a habit she was too weak to conquer and which in her own shallow brain, Richie believed, her having loved Chris explained and justified. He wondered, too, at his success in making Dida get on the train. Hitherto he had been a slow thinker and a not too clever one. He was as surprised at the victory he had won as Joyce would have been had she listened in on the scene at La Salle Street station in Chicago.

Dida was only vaguely conscious of her arrival at Grand Central. She knew that a man of astounding height and girth met them and hugged Richie happily. She heard Richie say, "Dad, this is Dida."

She heard the man reply, "Well, if you picked her and you love her, we'll make the best of it."

She had raised her head to tell the man to take his son and himself and his condescension to hell, but had been

checked by the friendliest pair of eyes she had ever seen. There was a smile, too, and a sudden lowering of the tall frame and a whisper: "Pull yourself together, daughter. I'm here to help."

Then there was a car and soft cushions and a very long ride through which Dida slept. Her other memories of that night were befuddled and misty. She knew she passed through a long, warm hall where rugs hung gleaming silkily and a portrait of a proud young woman looked down upon her. Then there was a bed that was fresh and cool and Richie was drawing off her stockings and saying, "Now we're home, sweetheart. You must live and get well." And she knew that he was crying.

She awakened next day in a room that seemed larger and lighter than any room she had ever known before. There were pale green chiffon drapes at the windows and flowers on the table beside her. A fresh-faced girl in nurse's uniform came to her from the corridor.

"Good morning, Mrs. Frayne. I'm Miss McFarlane."

"Oh," said Dida. She was still admiring the lovely room. It wasn't until later that she discovered that there were four hundred and fifty acres around it and that this was the Fraynes' Westchester place. They had others.

Some of Dida's ex-associates in the chorus discussed the matter in bated breath when they heard of it.

"I got it straight from a friend of a friend of mine in Hollywood that when Dida Cameron married Richie Frayne she was positively in a drunken stupor and didn't know what she was doing."

"My God, Marcella, imagine if she'd been on the alert!"

THE Fraynes were married almost a year before Joyce Ansen and Dida met again. Joyce with six free weeks chose to spend the time in New York. She found herself charged with a nervous expectancy as she rode toward Westchester. The same awful yet thrilling tenseness possessed her that she had always felt on first nights during her stage career. How would Dida look and would she be happy? The few letters which Dida had written in the course of the year had been scanty, uninformative notes bristling with stock phrases such as "Just a line to let you know," "We both miss you greatly," and "Hoping this letter finds you as well as it leaves me."

Joyce wanted to see Dida, hear her talk, and judge for herself whether or not these pat expressions were called into service because Dida lacked the talent for describing more complex emotions concerning her new life.

Richie was driving Joyce up the parkway. He looked happy, she observed. Certainly that must mean something favorable. She had asked after Dida, of course, and had received an enthusiastic "Oh, she's fine." But now was the moment for more searching inquiry.

"Richie, how is Dida, really? This isn't a light, social question. I mean how is she physically and matrimonially?"

Richie said, "Well, she wanted to come to meet you, but I talked her out of it because I wanted to tell you these things privately. Physically she is in superb condition. She doesn't drink at all any more and to my mind is better-looking now than she ever was."

He paused and Joyce said, "That's fine. Go on."

"Well, Joyce"—he smiled a little as he continued—"money has meant an awful lot to Dida. She's a wee bit high-hat. She tells my father and me off plenty when we err in any of the social graces."

"What! You're fooling, Richie."

"No, honestly. She's the first Frayne since Grand-aunt Hettie who dresses every single evening for dinner and takes an interest in the forebears of our guests."

"Good God!"

"Oh, she's not bad, Joyce. Don't misunderstand me. She's very nice to all of us even when we don't do the proper thing—and, Lord, how I love her!"

"Get on with your story. Does she—does she love you? Where is the lady's heart these days?"

Richie's nice eyes grew troubled. "That is the question," he said. "We're going to test her out on that this afternoon. You're to witness the testing."



"This afternoon? How?"

"Well, Chris Pendleton is in New York. He called me up as he always does when he's in town. He said he was coming up."

"And what did you say?"

"I said, 'Come ahead.' Should I have said, 'Better not, old man—I don't trust my wife'?"

"No, but you could have squeezed out somehow, I should imagine."

"It's better this way. What's the use living my whole life wondering if she'd go daffy again if she saw Chris? If I was only mildly fond of her I could keep them separated forever and not bother about testing it out. But I'm not mildly fond of her. I'm the way about her that she was about—about Chris."

"Do you think you can find out anything by just seeing the two of them together?"

"Certainly. I know I can."

"What did she say when you told her Chris was coming? Or doesn't she know?"

"Oh, yes, she knows. She said, 'It will be such a treat for Joyce to see a movie director.' That's all."

Certainly Richie was right about Dida's appearance. Joyce never remembered seeing Dida more starry-eyed, more beautifully groomed, or with such healthy, glowing skin. She was every inch the lady of the manor. Joyce fancied she would have noticed even without Richie's warning that this was not half so much Dida as it was Mrs. Richard Frayne of the Westchester Fraynes.

Certainly Dida's greeting lacked no warmth or sincerity. She kissed Joyce, grasped her hand, and led her at once to the divan where she proceeded to seat herself and gaze with joy upon her friend. Only there was a certain magnificence about her informality, a sure and studied charm. Joyce would have been surer that this was Dida if a table or a lamp had upset on their way to the divan.

Dida wore a pale green tea gown and her shining hair was dressed Grecian fashion, which was very becoming.

"Tell me all about you," Dida begged. "What pictures have you been making? I saw the ones that have been released. You're lovely in them."

Joyce was at a loss for words. She did not want to talk about herself. Yet in this large, richly-furnished room with Dida's father-in-law sitting watching them, surely it would be inappropriate to say, "So you've reformed, eh? And what about Pendleton? Still love him?"

Joyce dutifully began a recital of her last picture. She did not finish, however, for Chris Pendleton made his entrance. Joyce felt her temples throb and she wondered how Dida felt. He had not changed. Still handsome, still conscious of it.

RICHIE and he shook hands. Chris walked to Richie's father then and greeted him. Lastly he turned to the two women.

"Hello, Dida. Hello, Miss Ansen."

Joyce said hello.

Dida said, "Hello, Chris. Did you come out by train? Too bad. Richie could have picked you up if anybody had thought of it. He just brought Joyce here."

She rang for tea then.

Chris Pendleton explained that he was in New York for the première of his latest picture. Tomorrow night it was opening. Wouldn't the assembled party like to see it?

"Oh, too sorry," Dida said. "We're having guests. You know, Richie, the Jervises. Joyce and daddy may go. Please don't let us hold you back, Joyce."

Joyce said, "I'm here on vacation. No movies, please."

Dida laughed. "I would like to see it," she said, "but the Jervises can't possibly be put off. They're entirely too important. And really Joyce oughtn't to go. The

Jervises have never met a movie star. They'll be so interested. I wish you weren't having your old première, Chris. They'd love to meet a director. I know they'd be surprised if you didn't talk very loudly and eat with your knife. Do you thing the première *could* possibly be postponed?"

Chris stared at her. "Postponed? God Almighty, for these Jervises? The première postponed!"

Dida laughed and looked at her father-in-law. "Didn't I tell you, daddy? Every last one of them in Hollywood's that same way. They think the movies are really important."

IT was an amusing afternoon. Joyce sat remembering a picture she had done recently. A happily married woman is suddenly confronted by her old lover. It is tea-time in her home. The woman is nervous, tense. She spills the tea, assures her husband weakly that "it is nothing, just nerves." She speaks with dry, throaty sounds, and finally faints amid the cups and saucers with sound effects.

And this, Joyce reflected, is how it happens in real life. The wife is secure, comfortable, pokes fun at her ex-lover and annoys him. Richie need not worry over this assured young thing with the poise of—well, perhaps his Grand aunt Hettie.

Richie was telling now of the trip they planned shortly. Europe, North Africa, a bit of Asia, perhaps.

"Gee, I'd sure like to do that," Chris said.

"Oh, you can," Dida said. "There are some steamship lines that are really awfully reasonable."

Richie's face was turned away. Joyce was sorry that she could not see it.

"I meant my work," Chris said sharply. "I'm still working at the unimportant business of producing pictures."

"Oh," said Dida. "I see now what you mean. Well, perhaps you can retire some day. They say Phillipson retired with two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Of course that's not a lot, but if your tastes are simple—"

Joyce cast a glance at Dida and with an awful jolt realized that Dida was not trying to be funny. She was serious. Of course, Dida had no sense of humor. How silly of her to have forgotten that! Dida was merely Mrs. Nouveau Riche entertaining some unfortunate friends out of her past. Lord, how funny! She would be telling them the price of the rugs next.

The thought had no sooner struck Joyce than Dida said, "Our passage from here to Plymouth will only run around thirty-five hundred dollars, which isn't bad considering."

Joyce caught Richie's eye then and they smiled. He looked, Joyce thought, like Charlton Vandewater should have looked in the big scene of Foolish Kisses where the governor's pardon came just in time to save him from the chair.

After Chris Pendleton had gone, Joyce and Dida had some time alone in Dida's boudoir. They talked of many things, but not of Chris Pendleton nor of Dida's visit to Hollywood nor of Dida's subsequent fall and rise.

"The woman," thought Joyce as they prepared to leave the room, "has washed from her mind everything she wants to forget. It might have been better if she'd remembered a little."

But just before the door closed on surely the most beautiful boudoir for miles around, Joyce noticed something. It was on Dida's bureau in the place where tiny altars or statues of patron saints stand in some other people's bedrooms. It was a little jade tree the like of which had once been on Joyce's mantelshelf in Hollywood.

THE END



Dida with her yellow-brown eyes and strangely incongruous bands of golden-red hair.

BISHOP

An Ace's Story of the Man Who Flew and Killed Alone



By
A. ROY BROWN

himself a famous air fighter—officially credited with the killing of Richthofen, the German ace, on April 21, 1918. Like Bishop, Captain Brown hails from Canada. He is now in business in Toronto. He has written for Liberty his story of Richthofen's end and other tales of adventure.

(Reading time: 25 minutes 20 seconds.)

THE greatest living, fighting airman is Billy Bishop—Lieutenant Colonel William Avery Bishop, V. C., the Canadian ace—with his record of having bagged, officially, seventy-two German planes.

I am not sure that I would not be justified in dubbing him ace of aces, the greatest war flyer of them all. After studying the birds of prey, he chose the methods of the hawk. He was a human hawk, cool, calculating, swift.

He was lone like the hawk, a supreme solo fighter. He cruised alone. He killed alone. He led patrols, of course, but even then managed to detach himself. Most of the time he went up by himself and ranged free lance, his keen eyes seeking prey.

Besides these methods, he possessed that subtle thing which makes champions in any game of combat—intuitive skill, which is a natural gift, flowering with experience.

A friend of mine, observing one day in a two-seater near Lens, recognized Bishop's flight 3,000 feet above. At the same time, slightly south, he noticed a formation of Germans.

"Now I'll see something!" he thought and his glance ranged the sky. He watched—but nothing happened. Bishop just kept cruising around.

"'S funny!"

He knew that if he could see the enemy it was a sure bet that Bishop's famed eyes had long since picked them out.

Still nothing happened. He kept watching, wondering, for a full fifteen minutes. Then, his heart jumped. For, like bass darting in a pool, Bishop and his flight wheeled and dived downwind.

They caught the Germans as they lost speed on a turn.

The timing was perfect.

Biff! Bang! Two of the enemy planes pitched out of control. Bishop got one. A fellow pilot got the other.

Just an ordinary incident of Bishop's career, but nothing could illustrate better the cool sureness of his thrust. To my mind the war produced no greater ace. It will be argued, of course, that as against his seventy-two planes Richthofen, the Red Knight of Germany, was credited with eighty. True, and I have no wish to try to hurt the glory of that great enemy pilot. But he was different from Bishop in his methods and his results.

The baron seldom flew or fought except in formation. He was a hide hunter. He picked off lame ducks pulling from a fight. He specialized in swooping on slow-motion artillery planes. In the mornings he had the advantage of the sun, when it showed, behind him as he lay in wait for enemies. The prevailing west wind was to his advantage in getting home from a scrap.

It is significant that he knew the names of most of the pilots he brought down, because most of his fights were over home territory.

His total was augmented by planes which he drove down without destroying.

If Bishop had been similarly credited with machines driven down but not destroyed, his total would have been well over a hundred. But the British system allowed only claims for planes crashed or sent down in flames and these only when verified by other observers. Since ninety per cent of his fights were over enemy country Bishop could not follow and claim machines forced to land unhurt.



Photo Sport & General

The hawk today. Colonel and Mrs. Bishop waiting to tee off at Le Touquet.

the Eagle Eye



Photo Star Newspaper Service, Toronto

Two aspects of an ace's life. The photograph above, taken in 1917, shows Bishop at work on his gun. The artist pictures at the right the collision of two German planes when Bishop dodged.

Drawing by Clayton Knight

Unlike Richthofen, Bishop knew the name of scarcely a man he downed. The pilots he killed were impersonal enemies.

Strange that it should have been so, since he was, by instinct and reason, an individualist. He sought to fight on his own terms—and they were bold ones. His precise tactics, evolved by intelligent planning and a cold, almost

mathematical fightcraft, were dependent on solo effort. An analysis of his fights, and he had more than 200, shows that seventy-five per cent of them were undertaken alone, and, in the main, against odds. He picked off slow planes, of course, since his job was to destroy the enemy and since he made no secret of the fact that he was

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[BISHOP OF THE EAGLE EYE]
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out to pile up a score. But mostly he pitted his skill against the fastest scouts. He attacked them singly. He smashed into groups.

Fast, terrible, his guns blazing, he crashed into formations of as many as nine and by sheer *élan* frequently sent down one or two.

Bishop's last war day in France will illustrate. It was a day of individual glory such as few other airmen achieved.

But I offer Bishop's bag that day as a record for a single flight. He got five in less than two hours, four of them new-type scouts. And he got them alone. When he set out that morning his score was sixty-seven. Before lunch it had risen to seventy-two. It was his grand finale.

That was on a June day, 1918, back of Ypres. Ordered to report back to England for administrative duty, with every possible honor an airman could gain, he had gone out alone seeking one last thrill. He got it.

The gods were good. He had scarcely crossed the lines, high in the clouds, when his keen eyes marked three Pfalz scouts, a new, fast German type. No odds here, but his regular meat.

He dived on the nearest. His guns ripped out one of those short, close bursts which were his specialty and the enemy ship fell flaming in a spin.

Hearing the rattle of his guns, the remaining pair swung over and at him. And two other scouts, out of a layer above, came diving down on him.

But let Bishop's official report tell the rest of the story:

The second and third of the enemy scouts circled around me, trying to get under my tail, and as I dived beneath them they collided and fell together, the first bursting into flames. The remaining two started to climb away, and I chased them, opening fire at two hundred yards. One of them went into an uncontrollable spin and crashed. The other zoomed into the clouds and escaped.

Four out of five fast scouts wiped out by a lone Canadian in ten minutes!

It is typical of Bishop that he was not satisfied. Whetted, he kept on cruising beyond the lines. His report continues:

Near Neuve Église I met a two-seater which I attacked from behind and beneath. It burst into flames and crashed. Zooming down to see what happened I encountered a column of enemy troops on the march and scattered them. Then I climbed into the clouds and went home.

That was his last act of active war. On this fourth trip to France, in May and June, 1918, he had destroyed twenty-five planes in twelve days, including the five just mentioned. For all this he was given the Distinguished Flying Cross.

In 1916 Bishop had spent four months at the front as an observer without tasting blood. When he returned to England to become a pilot he had not been under fire.

Before he could start training he had to spend months in hospital with a knee hurt when



Royal Canadian Air Force photo
Lieutenant Colonel Raymond Collishaw, whose manner as well as his deeds inspired his comrades.



Picture by
Clayton Knight

Precisely as a surgeon, he picked the exact spot to hit, right below the unseen pilot.

a bullet ripped his cap. But never once was he hit himself.

Toward the end of '16, having qualified as a pilot, he served as a Zeppelin hunter in England, but never saw a dirigible. Thus, when he went to France to a fighting squadron in the early spring of '17, it was with a suppressed, almost virginal urge to prove his mettle. He proved it, with speed. In less than two months' fighting he won the Military Cross, the Distinguished Service Order and, Britain's supreme reward for valor, the Victoria Cross.

a pilot crashed. It was his only wound. Thousands of tracers subsequently sought him. He came back to the base with as many as fifty bullets in his plane—with his engine shot up, holes in his tank, his wings riven. And once

Bishop's first fight was on March 25, 1917.

In the next two weeks he had half a dozen scraps, just missed being taken prisoner, and got his first three Huns.

Then on April 7 he won the Military Cross. The official statement of the award gave as reason:

For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty. He attacked a hostile balloon on the ground, dispersed the crew and destroyed the balloon, and also drove down a hostile machine which attacked him. He has on several occasions brought down hostile machines.

This bleak statement does not say that he was again within a few feet of being taken prisoner. His solo escapade took place five miles within the enemy lines. Just as he set himself to dive on the balloon from 5,000 feet, he was attacked by a single-seater. Bullets cut through his wings. He immelmanned and raked the enemy as he shot past. As he fell, Bishop dived after him, to make sure.

Then he swooped after the balloon until he was within fifty feet of the ground. His tracers tore through its

he went at one, head on, firing. It was a bold move he had made again and again. The German gave way first. Bishop went into a spinning nose dive and fell hundreds of feet. Then he pulled out and flew home.

On May 10 he went to England on two weeks' leave. He wanted to stay at the front and fight and fight. He never felt happier. But he went—and ten days after his return he won the Victoria Cross.

At that time his record was twenty-two. He wanted to bring his bag up. So he conceived and planned an attack on an enemy airdrome, picking June 2 for the raid.

That morning he had himself called at three o'clock. It was still night as he dressed and went out toward the hangars without breakfast. No one knew of his plan but a couple of friends. And they thought him crazy.

That did not worry him. He carried through, and before he returned for breakfast he had pulled off one of the most daring individual exploits of the war. From the official citation and other reports it is possible to reconstruct that cold-nerved thrust at dawn.

Picture Bishop in a one-gun Nieuport single-seater setting off from the sleeping base near Vimy Ridge and climbing by the first faint light on his lonely adventure. There was a ground mist. The air was chill. The world seemed dead. Even the war seemed done. He shivered.

But he swung out toward an airdrome he had marked.

PICTURE him growing more tense as he drew near. Imagine, then, his disappointment. The drome was deserted. Not a plane was to be seen.

Did he turn back, glad of the excuse? No, that would not have been Bishop. He set his mouth harder and went farther. And shortly he sighted the hangars and huts of another drome. Ah, this was better! Meat, on ice!

He dropped to 500 feet, pulled up, circled. Seven machines. Six scouts and a two-seater, their engines running. Good. He ought to get four, at least.

Men came rushing across the drome with machine guns. Pilots climbed into the planes.

Above them Bishop poised, a boy with fair hair and a little blond mustache in a plane. Then, suddenly, he struck.

Sticking his nose down, he dived and swept the ground with his gun. A man fell. He zoomed and watched again. One of the scouts left the ground. He turned, swept on its tail, and fired. It crashed. He swung up and around.

A second scout took off. He did not wait now. He flew over it, firing. It crumpled against a tree.

Two more machines were now off the ground. He climbed. One of them followed. He immelmanned, circled, dived from 1,000 feet. Into it he ripped the last bullets of his last drum and caught it with his last shot. It fell outside the drome.

Three up! In ten minutes' fighting! And an airdrome all torn up. Good again.

Bishop had hoped for four, but there was no chance. He had no ammunition. He had to get out and away. His plane had holes in it. Machine guns still sprayed him from the ground. His head suddenly turned dizzy. His stomach, without food, felt empty and queer. Near by in the air was an enemy and about 1,000 feet above his keen eyes sighted four German scouts.

So he wheeled out for home and made it. The enemy were content to hover over him, though he was defenseless, which they did not know.

His exploit was confirmed, most particularly since a Victoria Cross was involved. Captured airmen told what he'd done. It had been the talk of the German flying forces.

In August, 1917, Bishop returned, on orders, to England to be attached to the School of Aircraft Gunnery, but before he went he added a bar to his D. S. O., which was equivalent to a second award.

He had been in France five months. In that time he had cleaned up Britain's roster of fighting decorations,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



Royal Canadian Air Force photo

Lieutenant Colonel William C. Barker, killed in a peacetime crash. Major Donald McLaren, who brought down 48 planes to win his place in the Big Four.

sides, firing it. But as he machine-gunned the crew, his engine failed. He had picked out a tree on which to smash his plane when, unexpectedly, the motor started—and he hedge-hopped, through gunfire, home.

Less than four weeks later, on May 2, he won the D. S. O. Again let me quote the official award:

For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty. While in a single-seater he attacked three hostile machines, two of which he brought down, although in the meantime he was himself attacked by other hostile machines. His courage and determination have set a fine example to others.

Sounds simple as signing a check!

FACTS were, Bishop, flying alone, had come on three two-seaters, artillery observing. He dived. They scurried, zigzagging. Picking one, he swept to within twenty yards and slung a short drag. The pilot slumped. The plane crashed.

Meantime its two fellows were climbing toward him; and out of the clouds above came four scouts, two firing as they came.

He seemed sandwiched.

But invariably, when crowded, Bishop played a bold hand. Swinging past the nearest two-seater, he spewed a burst into its side and shot it down. Then he turned his nose up to the four oncoming scouts. Straight as a dart

[BISHOP OF THE EAGLE EYE]

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except the Distinguished Flying Cross, which he won in 1918. He had destroyed forty-seven enemy machines officially and driven down twenty-three which he could not claim. He had been in 110 fights.

This Canadian of twenty-three had scaled war's pinnacle. He had become almost a legend. His tactics, his machine gunnery, his dash, his lone hawk fights, his cool impassivity, his superb disdain, his apparent invincibility had made him a veritable demigod. Even the smothering methods of the British censor could not hide his flame.

Already he was Bishop the nonpareil. His short month's return to France in 1918, when in twelve days he got twenty-five more planes, added to his score but merely gave an extra frill to his reputation. By now his dash was rated. His chest blazed with ribbons like a field marshal's.

Like Richthofen, Bishop was originally a cavalry officer. As a lad from Orillia, Ontario, he had attended the Royal Military College at Kingston, Canada's West Point. Shortly after the war broke out he went overseas as a subaltern in the Mississauga Horse. He loved horses. But, training in England in the mud, as he relates it, his imagination was caught one day by the flashing ease of a plane. He entered the Royal Flying Corps.

Bishop was not the only Canadian to win fame as a pilot, for thousands of his young countrymen flocked to the air like ducks to a pond, forming toward the end of the war almost half the personnel of the British flying services.

Canada produced four flyers whose aggregate score was not beaten, so far as I know: Billy Bishop, V. C., Bill Barker, V. C., Ray Collishaw, who was recommended for the V. C., and Don McLaren. Among them they won enough other decorations to load a wheelbarrow.

These men destroyed by exact official count 230 enemy machines: Bishop, seventy-two; Collishaw, sixty; Barker, fifty; and McLaren, forty-eight. The war's Big Four!

EVERY one of them returned from the front, although poor Barker, hero of a single-handed fight with sixty enemy machines in which he won the V. C. but lost an arm, was to die a few months ago in a peacetime flip near Ottawa.

Britain had gallant stars like Ball, Mannock, McCudden, V. C. winners who were killed when their scores were around fifty, but no British four quite touched these Canadians' total. Nor did any French four. Guynemer, top man, had fifty-three. The brilliant Fonck was below that. So was Nungesser.

As for Germany's biggest four, Richthofen had eighty and Udet had sixty-two, but none of the others, so far as I can learn, had over forty. The highest possible score of Richthofen, Udet, and any two other German aces would be 222.

By the way, it is worth recording that in March, 1928, Colonel Bishop was the guest in Berlin of a number of German aces and, proposed by Udet, was made a member of the German Ace Association; and that three months

later, in London, he was in turn dinner host to eight leading German flyers.

And now let us analyze the reasons for Bishop's supremacy. First of all, he had remarkable eyes, telescopic eyes, the eyes of a questing falcon. Men who flew with him on patrol say that he would signal enemy aircraft from three to five minutes before the other pilots could pick them out. The faintest speck, half hidden by a distant cloud, was not too small for his long-range eyes to register.

This gave him an overwhelming advantage in this war of the air in which position and surprise were nine points toward victory.

Because of his eyes he was off on a long, high climb into the sun or stealthily skirting the edge of the heavens toward a favorable point from which to strike long before the enemy were aware of him. Or he was working in behind to come up on their blind beam from below.

MANY a Heinie only learned of his presence when his guns spoke, and then, often, too late.

For one out of, roughly, four German planes which faced him went down.

In Winged Warfare, his own story of his 1917 campaign, he placed in the order of their value: first, machine gunnery; second, tactics; and third, flying ability.

I have already touched on his tactics. He was a master of sky ringcraft. He timed his punch like a champion boxer. Having won his position, or at the least sign of weak strategy, he tore into an opponent and finished him, as often as not, in the first round.

That brings us to his gunnery.

He scarcely ever fired at long range. His specialty was infighting. He seldom fired until the enemy was a mere length or two, twenty, thirty, at the most fifty, yards away. He waited until he had a bead on his opponent's vitals. Then he snapped out a short, sharp drag.

It is amazing the number of times he dropped an enemy with his first burst of a few rounds.

His tracers blazed straight because he made himself a master of machine gunnery. His eyes helped here, too. He was, with the possible exception of Fonck, the air's greatest sharpshooter. To begin with, he never took his guns for granted, like many pilots. He got to know them like a gunnery sergeant. Several times when they jammed in a scrap he pulled out, flipped around, fixed them, and then darted in again to finish up an opponent.

With his intimate mechanical knowledge went a shooting accuracy which few approached. He practiced with his guns until he won a skill that was almost automatic.

He spent hours at the base diving at a target, especially if he returned from a mishit flight.

One of his greatest assets, in maneuvering and shooting, was his patience. He built up his self-control until it became an unassailable ally.

One day, he relates in his book, he saw a solitary scout at a great height. Climbing carefully, he got between it and the sun and waited. He waited, cool as a poised hawk, until the enemy made a favorable turn. Then he dived, hard, and slipped under his tail without being seen. Withholding his fire, he crept up until he could see the markings of the unsuspecting Boche.

His eyes ranged along his sights. His thumb lay on

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-TWO]



Photo Sport & General

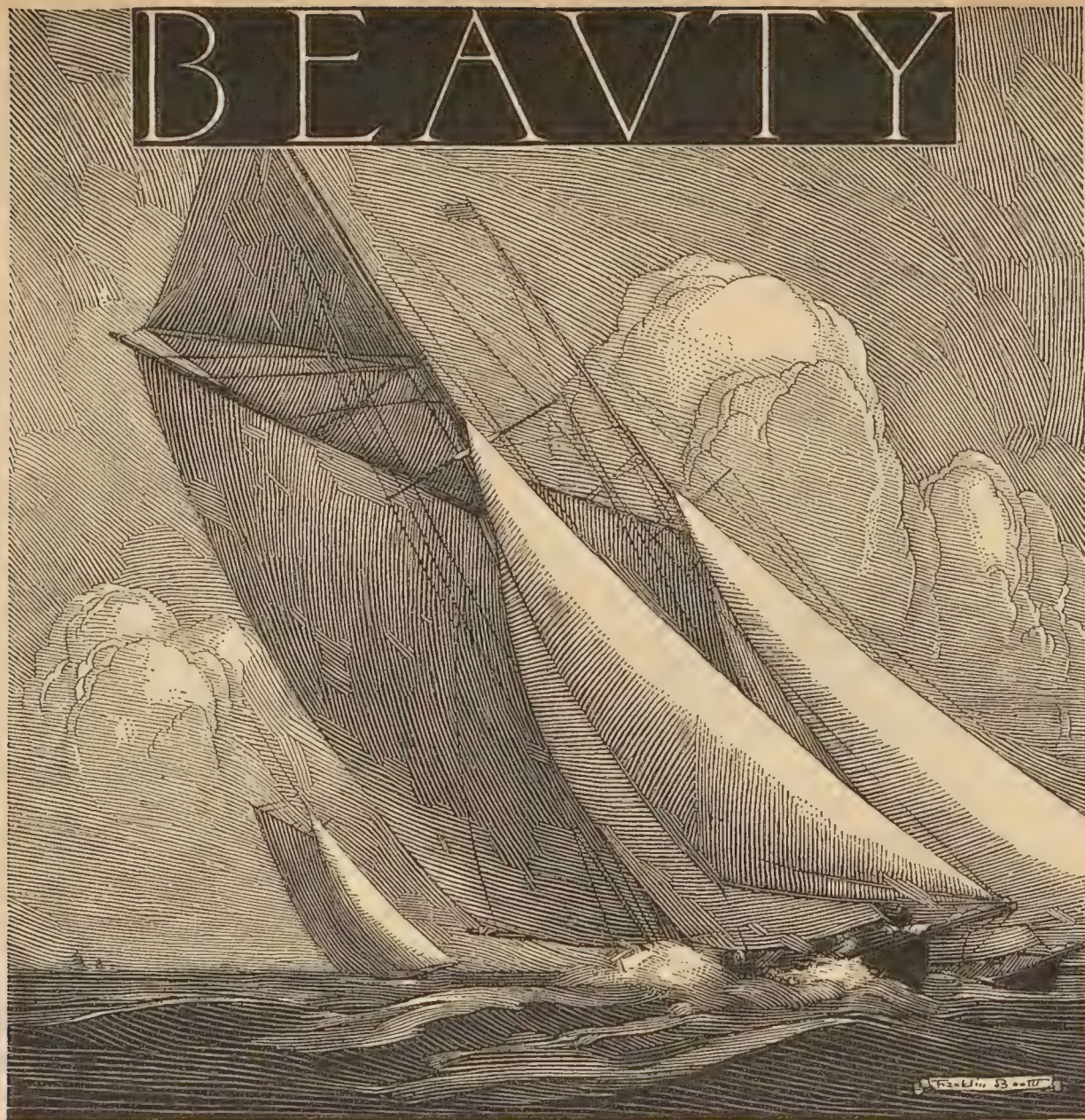
Trace of war's grimness may be seen in the features of Bishop, mounted for polo.



The hawk in sober plumage. A peacetime photograph taken in London.



Photo Star Newspaper Service
War picture of
W. A. Bishop.



Drawn especially for Crosley Radio by Franklin Booth

*You're there
with a*
CROSLEY



The NEW Buddy

An exquisite table, mantel or clock type self-contained receiving set, with powerspeaker, only 15 1/2" high, 15 1/2" wide, and 9 3/4" deep, so small in size and light in weight that it is easily moved from place to place. Contains the same type receiving set as The PAL and The MATE. Employs three Screen Grid tubes. Nothing ever equalled it at so low a price **\$64⁵⁰** WITH TUBES

BEAUTY . . . a spanking breeze and the long, rolling eloquence of tangy water across which white sails glide with incredible speed in a pageant of endurance. There is a cup to be won, and well to the fore this great, gleaming gull spreads her fourteen thousand feet of snowy canvas with an eagerness be-speaking her lineage. The *will to do*—the stamina, the scientific principle of every essential part, has been *built into her*. She *must win!* And *does!*

BEAUTY . . . radio, as it is, one of the most astounding inventions of an astounding age—voicing, as it does, all of the beauties and musical intricacies of the centuries—calls for beauty, as well, in physical aspect. In the new Crosley radio receivers BEAUTY has been made the keynote—they denote a new era of the truly beautiful in radio cabinet design and construction. Beauty of reception-quality is characteristic of them, too. To such painstaking design and manufacture comes, naturally, the sure reward of leadership—the cup-winning ability. There is, after all, sheer beauty—super-excellence of mechanics—superlative performance—*built into* Crosley radio. It *must win—it does!*

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION
Powel Crosley, Jr., Pres. Home of "the Nation's Station"—WLW
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Also manufacturers of CROSLEY Battery Radio Receiving Sets, the CROSLEY ROAMIO Automobile Radio Receiving Set, and the famous AMRAD RADIO

CROSLEY RADIO

The CROSLEY NEW Companionship Series

SCREEN GRID • NEUTRODYNE
POWER SPEAKER • A. C. ELECTRIC

The Pal



A marvelously beautiful cabinet, 25 1/8 inches high, suitable for use as an end, bedside or occasional table. Contains the same receiving set and power speaker as The MATE and employs same number and type

of tubes. The price is amazingly low for the quality and performance **\$69⁵⁰** LESS TUBES

The Mate

A delightfully designed and executed cabinet that harmonizes with any surroundings in the home. It contains an entirely new receiving set and power speaker. Employs three type -24 Screen Grid tubes, one type -45, and one type -80. The unusual value of The MATE at the exceptionally low price is self-evident



\$75⁰⁰ LESS TUBES

The CROSLEY NEW Leadership Series

SCREEN GRID • NEUTRODYNE
POWER SPEAKER • A. C. ELECTRIC

The Director



A particularly beautiful cabinet containing a receiving set employing three Screen Grid tubes type -24, one type -27, two type -45, and one type -80. Positive automatic volume control, local-

distance switch and dynamic-power speaker are features of this set. Astonishingly low in price **\$107⁵⁰** LESS TUBES

The Arbiter Electric Phonograph and Radio Combination

A truly versatile instrument that provides complete entertainment for any occasion in the modern home, complete in a cabinet of superlative beauty. The same super-selective and sensitive radio receiving set and dynamic-power speaker as in The DIRECTOR. A marvelous electric phonograph and radio combination for what you would ordinarily expect to pay for a radio receiving set alone



\$137⁵⁰ LESS TUBES

Also available with induction type self-starting motor at \$147.50

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY]

the button. Yet closer he crept until he was less than twenty yards behind and beneath. Then, precisely as a surgeon selecting a place to cut, he picked the exact spot to hit, right below the unseen pilot.

Only then did he fire sharply—just twenty rounds.

He saw them rip into the bottom of the fuselage.

His enemy lurched, then plunged. Bishop had to sidle off, so close was he to the path of the falling plane. A few feet down, and the enemy ship burst into flame.

So you have the picture of him as a stalker and shot. He was dispassionate as an Indian on the trail. To him this was big-game hunting, and the fact that human lives were involved was submerged. "Great sport," he called it in a letter home. "I never enjoyed myself so much in my life." That was in the early days. The only change later was a greater coolness, a subtler finesse, a more serious application to achieve.

It became then an ambition, rather than a sport. In *Winged Warfare* he once wrote, "I began to feel as if my list of victims was not climbing as steadily as I would have liked. . . . So I went over the lines from six to seven hours every day, praying for some easy victim to appear. I had had some pretty hard fighting. Now I wanted to shoot a 'rabbit' or two."

To his glory, though, it may be said that the majority of those with whom he tilted were fast fighting scouts and he often gave them odds of four, five, and six to one.

"To bring down a machine," he wrote in another place, "did not seem like killing a man. It was more as if one had just destroyed a mechanical target with no human being in it . . . very much as if one was shooting down clay pigeons."

How great was his control, how sure were his tactics, how calm was his judgment, may be gauged from the fact that from the middle of May, 1917, until he left France in August he lost only one man killed out of his patrol. And that man was shot on a flight in which he did not participate.

BISHOP was controlled always. You could not imagine him whooping, as many pilots did through sheer strain, when they shot down a plane. Being a precisionist, he did not shout when he plugged an enemy machine, any more than Bobby Jones would sinking a putt.

On the ground he was equally self-contained. Aces like Barker and Collishaw were idols. Their fellows felt kinship. But Bishop was austere, aloof, godlike.

Even flying, he was not a stunter, not a grand-stander. He kept his feelings corked. Many men used to celebrate a kill by split-essing all over the home drome. He never did. He would slip in, turn his bus over to his mechanics, designate overhaul or repairs, and hike off to tennis.

Yet he might have just come from a scrap that would have left an ordinary man twittering.

For he had many narrow escapes. Indeed, his career might have ended on his very first fight, when he had to land with a dead engine. But fortunately he found he had glided within British lines with a hundred yards to spare.

Not only did Bishop destroy seventy-two planes, but several balloons. But this was too much like potting tame ducks to satisfy his combat instincts. He only did it under orders, and then thoroughly. He did get a kick, however, out of raking enemy trenches and diving on masses of troops. That appealed to his sense of sport.

A detailed account of his flights and fights during his aggregate of six months' service would crowd columns. He was seldom out of the air when flying was feasible. He flew as many as eight hours a day. During a single hour he once engaged, single-handed, eleven different

planes. Like a flashing devil, he wheeled out of one scrap into another. During this particular hour, he crashed one, drove down another, forced half a dozen two-seaters to quit artillery observation, and kept five scouts from harassing British artillery observers.

His speed of execution was terrific. His shifting was fast as lightning. And his guns spoke like a thunderbolt. It was not out of the way for him to get two planes out of four—Brrp! Brrp! One! Two!—with almost a continuous burst on the same dive.

He seldom went out without finding adventure, although he did not always score. One day he exchanged shots three times with Richthofen's circus without result. That was on the morning of April 30, 1917, when he had nine separate fights over German territory in back of Lens and Monchy between 9:45 and 12:15. The first was on patrol, the others on his own.

HE was flying a Nieuport scout armed with a single Lewis gun. Included was an engagement with two three-seater Gothas. Later he crashed one of three artillery two-seaters. Then, three times he mixed it with the five red Halberstadt scouts, harassing them until he forced them to land.

That same afternoon, accompanied by a second plane, he engaged four red scouts which he believed included Richthofen. It was a merry fracas. The six fast machines, flown by cracks, circled and dashed, dived and zoomed, immelmaned and flipped in a battle royal. Bishop fired two bursts of five rounds at the leader, presumably Richthofen, without result. He fired ten at another plane. There was no chance for accurate aim. This was pinch-hit scrapping. Bullets struck within an inch of his own head.

It would have been epic if Bishop had got Richthofen, or vice versa, but four strange planes all of a sudden came butting in. Both sides paused; pulled out to look. They proved to be British naval triplanes. The Germans disappeared.

A couple of days later Bishop had seven more individual tilts without a kill. And the day following, when he was cruising along, half asleep, a Boche came at him suddenly out of the sun. But his luck held. He flipped over on the first burst and dived.

He had his off days, but fortune always rode with him, even when he missed.

After winning the Victoria Cross, before leaving France in August, 1917, as a gloriously arisen ace, Bishop continued to fight with verve. He grew superb in his mastery of this game of sudden death. Each victory added to his assurance. When he could not shoot down enemies, he bluffed them. One day, scrapping with three planes, he used up his ammunition and pulled out—just as the Huns, as if by common consent, did likewise. They came back. So did he, with empty drums, and went right at them. And they quit. It was during this period that he added the bar to his D. S. O.

He has destroyed (said the official citation) no fewer than forty-five machines in the past five months, frequently attacking enemy formations single-handed, and on all occasions displaying a fighting spirit and determination to get to close quarters with his opponents, which have earned the admiration of all in contact with him.

After his long interlude in England from August, 1917, to May, 1918, he returned to France with this spirit and determination on edge, and in little more than a month at the front soared to Olympian heights. It was during twelve flying days of this period that he got twenty-five planes, the last five on his final day. He was now indeed Bishop the unconquerable.

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]



Bishop, with a victory smile, signing a report on the back of a dispatch rider.

"Chic" Sale- The Specialist

[Beginning a NEW SERIES by the Famous Author
of "THE SPECIALIST" and "I'LL TELL YOU WHY"]

*has SOMETHING to
say about Happiness*

SOME fellers don't belong in society. Their hands feel big as hams, and their feet go in all directions and the nearest they come to talkin' is a grunt or maybe jest a grin. As fer balancin' a cup of tea on one knee—well sir, they'd sooner fondle a snappin' turtle or shake hands with a live lobster.

On the other hand I might go as far as to say there are some society folks that would feel mighty uncomfortable sittin' on a cracker barrel chewin' tobacco. They wouldn't know the first principles of spittin'.

Well sir, as long as you are happy, I guess it don't matter much where you are. A little tin box of chocolate tablets fits in the pockets of your overalls or it fits in the pockets of your fine long-tailed dinner coat. That settles it.

"Chic" Sale

Keep "regular" with
EX-LAX

The *safe* laxative
that tastes like Chocolate



"WELL sir, as long as you are happy, I guess it don't matter much where you are."

"Chic" Sale has it right there! Happiness isn't a matter of location—you've got to carry it with you. And millions of folks have found that carrying that "little blue box of chocolate tablets"—Ex-Lax—helps a lot in keeping happy—because it helps a lot in keeping well.

There can be no good health if you're not "regular." Missing a single day clogs the system with intestinal poisons—which rob you of your pep, ambition and happiness.

When headaches, biliousness, and that half-sick feeling tell you that you are not "regular," take an Ex-Lax or two, preferably at bed-time, and by morning you'll be all right again.

Ex-Lax is safe, gentle and effective—for young and old. It isn't absorbed by the system. It won't embarrass. It won't form a habit.

Free SAMPLE COUPON

THE EX-LAX COMPANY, Dept. L-940
P. O. Box 170, Times Plaza Station
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Kindly send me the free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name

Address

City.....State.....

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

On his very first day back, mixing it with a two-seater, he was attacked by ten enemy scouts. Climbing right through them, firing, he managed to escape in a cloud. He kept on climbing and at 17,000 feet tackled a two-seater, which he smashed over Passchendaele. His eye was in.

The day following, near Thourout, he found himself above nine German scouts. Without counting the odds, he dived, clipped one with a thirty-round burst, and saw it fall flaming.

His falcon thrust had scattered the flock.

He kept on diving through them. Six hundred feet below his first kill, he twisted, spat out another burst, and dropped a second plane blazing.

Five minutes of hell fire, then off and away! That was Bishop on his return to the front.

Wet days intervened. Next time up, east of Hazebrouck, he knocked a two-seater to bits in the air. That afternoon he scrimmaged around the edge of a patrol of fourteen slow ones, convoyed by fast scouts. He darted in, flung a drag or two at the nearest machines, but failed to score. Having thrown the formation out, he scooted.

An hour later he drove down an artillery machine which landed and did not count.

Another day, still solo, he sought change up on the coast by Nieuport and Ostend. Sighting eight Albatros scouts, he waited, poised in his well known way above and behind, biding the time to strike. It came. One straggled. He dived. It fell in flames into the North Sea.

Zooming to a convenient cloud, he watched for a second chance as the disorganized Huns cut circles seeking him. It came, too. He swooped. And a second plane went down in flames. Then he popped back into the clouds and vanished. Elusive as a phantom.

June had come before he flew again. Then one day he and his patrol mixed it with six scouts. They bagged four. Bishop got the leader. The others fell to his patrol. Thus he destroyed the enemy. I am only touching at random on a few high spots of those twelve days of inspired flying. Once, over Roulers, intent on weighing his chances if he went after some enemy scouts high up and miles away, he was attacked without warning by three two-seaters.

HE dropped for his life—so low that he was machine-gunned from the ground. But he zig-zagged over the trenches, then all of a sudden zoomed—and caught the nearest Boche with a fifty-round burst. The enemy crashed, burning.

The remaining pair came at him and he had the unusual experience of a tail-chasing merry-go-round. At last, though, he got one dead on his sights and fired. It fell out of control and crashed.

The third made off. He followed, and chased it fifty miles without catching up. It escaped finally in a cloud.

On his way home

he fought two Albatros scouts. He drove one down out of control beside the German trenches, where it was pounded to bits by British guns. He sent the second down in a spin, but was "archied" too heavily to make sure it crashed, and therefore could not claim it.

Three planes on one flight! Thus he brought up his bag.

On another occasion near Armentières he had just crashed a two-seater at 8,000 feet when four Albatros scouts came down at him out of the sun. He was not aware of them until he heard the rrrp! of their guns. With him action was fast as thought. He fell spinning 4,000 feet, flattened, then climbed full speed into the sun. It was his turn now and he did not miss.

He dived at the nearest, so straight indeed that a collision was averted only by his shooting. At seventy-five yards a burst sent his enemy slipping to a crash—and he slid past where he had been a moment before.

Before he could fight further, a British patrol scared off the other three.

ONCE in a gap in the clouds he came on four scouts lying in ambush. He barged into them and with his first drag hit an enemy's gas tank. There was an explosion and the plane fell in flames. Banking at an awkward angle, he got another on his sights and fired, peculiarly enough causing another explosion. And a second machine fell flaming. The two left scurried off in the clouds.

As a climax to all this came that last great day, of which I have already told, when he bumped off five planes as a man might smash clay pigeons at a shooting meet.

All he got for this Homeric flying was the Distinguished Flying Cross. Britain had nothing else to give, short of a peerage.

Thus ended Bishop's great adventure as a winged warrior. He was made a lieutenant colonel and brought back to England in June, 1918. Evidently the authorities wanted to preserve his flying genius to help train fighting pilots for the last intensive months of the war.

There is little more to be told. After the war he came back for a time to Canada and with Colonel William

Barker, V. C., his great Canadian rival for premier honors, launched a venture in commercial flying which was no doubt born too soon. It died, and Bishop returned to England.

But just as the war gave him fame, so as a sequel, it gave him fortune.

He joined with a young engineer in a scheme which involved the reclaiming of material from the British military dumps in France. It is said the two young men made millions. Then he turned to banking and finance. He is said to have added to his fortune.

He has stayed in England. He lives in Regent's Park. He breeds chow dogs. He plays polo at Hurlingham. He rides to hounds with the Bucks. He belongs to the Bath Club. He is a solid British citizen of the better class.

The hawk has clipped his wings.

THE END

What's Wrong Here?



The artist made twelve mistakes in drawing this picture. Try to find them without the aid of the list on page seventy-eight.

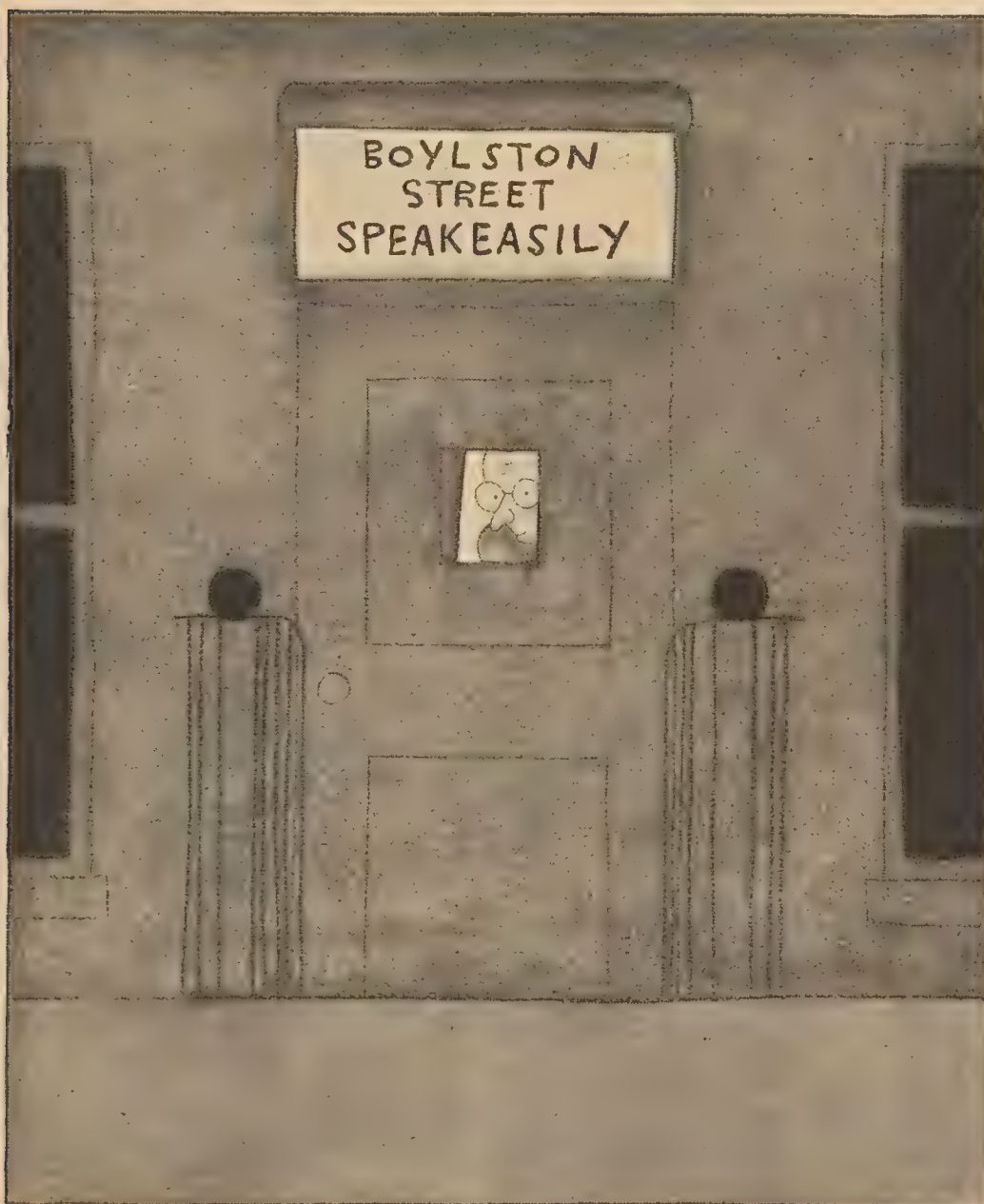
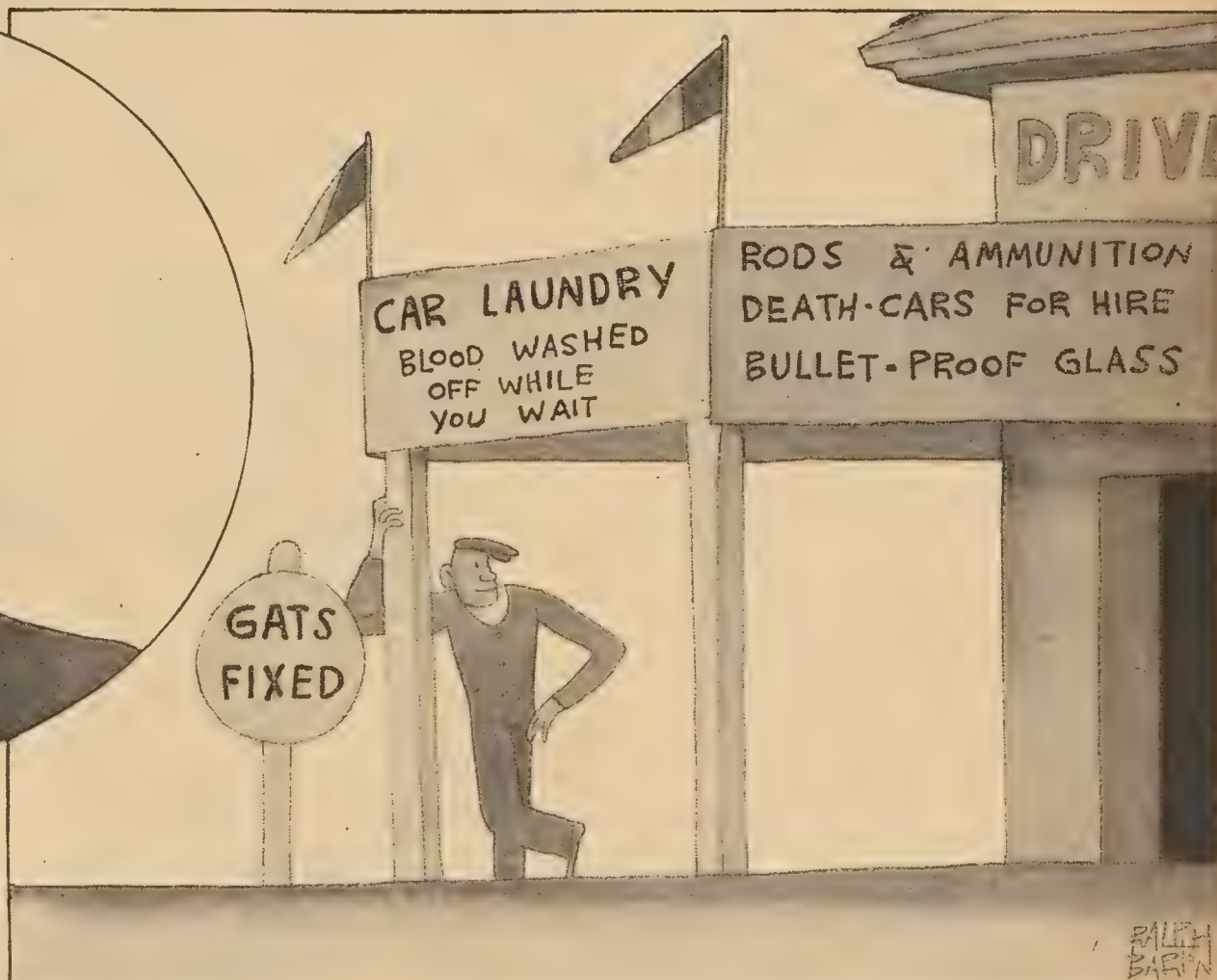
GRAPHIC
SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH
BARTON



STAR PUPIL in our Correspondence School for Developing Will Power reports that, after only ten lessons, he is able to stop eating salted peanuts after the third handful.



INFLUENCE OF THE CORRECT ENGLISH SOCIETY on the contraband emporiums of Boston.

VIEW OF ONE OF THE NEW SERVICE STATIONS for gunmen which are proving such a help to gangsters who are taking friends for "rides."



ANOTHER WORLD'S RECORD. Mrs. Pete Whizzle wins first divorce ever granted against endurance flyer under Enoch Arden Law.

THRILLS *from the*

And Some Other Pictured Excitements

(Reading time: 9 minutes 8 seconds.)

- 1 star means fairly good.
- 2 stars, good.
- 3 stars, excellent.
- 4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ MOBY DICK

CAST

Ahab.....John Barrymore
Faith.....Joan Bennett
Derek.....Lloyd Hughes
Whale Oil Rosie.....May Boley
Stubbs.....Walter Long
Starbuck.....Tom O'Brien
Elijah.....Nigel de Brulier
Queequeg.....Nobel Johnson
Produced by Warner Brothers.
Directed by Lloyd Bacon.

ANY picture with John Barrymore in it is an event of importance to movie-goers, and when that picture happens to be one rich in the elements needed to make a fine dramatic production, then it becomes doubly important. Adapted from the famous novel by Herman Melville, with the romance of the story emphasized for the screen, Moby Dick is a dramatic and thrilling adventure.

John Barrymore repeats the fine performance he gave of Ahab in the silent version, which was known as The Sea Beast. Joan Bennett is a lovely Faith, her delicate blonde beauty standing out in contrast to the horror and wildness of Ahab's crazy pursuit of the white whale.

The time of the story is between 1838 and 1850, and the place is New Bedford and the seven seas.

Technically and artistically this is a fine performance, but it is too gruesome in some of its scenes to make for great popularity.

★ ★ ★ HELL'S ANGELS

CAST

Monte Rutledge.....Ben Lyon
Roy Rutledge.....James Hall
Helen.....Jean Harlow
Karl Arnstedt.....John Darrow
Baron von Kranz.....Lucien Prival
Lieutenant von Bruen.....Frank Clarke
"Baldy".....Roy Wilson
Captain Redfield.....Douglas Gilmore
Baroness von Kranz.....Jane Winton
Staff Major.....William B. Davidson
Squadron Commander, R. F. C.
Wyndham Standing
Von Richter.....William von Brinken
Produced by Caddo.
Directed by Howard Hughes.

There are many beautiful air sequences in Hell's Angels. Some of the most thrilling air-fighting scenes I have ever seen on the screen are realistically reproduced and the sky-scapes are lovely. The sight of a dirigible coming out of the clouds and a fighting squadron of planes reforming in the air are unforgettable. The story is trash, but fortunately it is not of first importance to Hell's Angels. It's the flying that counts.

Two brothers join the Royal Air Force and become attached to a squadron in France. It is frightful service, with the squadron requiring replacements continually. One of the Rutledge boys—Ben Lyon—cracks

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

KATE CAMERON

Fried. By his clever direction Ray Enright has endowed it with the sort of realism and the pathos that made Viña Delmar's novel, Bad Girl, a best selling book a couple of years ago.

It is a simple story. A boy and a girl, both dancing enthusiasts, meet in a public dance hall, and before the evening is over they desert their respective partners and are married in a publicity stunt pulled off for the

The time, the car, and the girl: Ben Lyon and Jean Harlow as they look in the film of flying, Hell's Angels.

under the strain, but pulls himself together and volunteers for a bombing raid.

The other Rutledge, played by James Hall, goes on the raid too. They are captured after a magnificent battle between a British flying squadron, out to aid the bomber, and Germany's ace flying circus. The bomber is forced down without injuring the boys, but they are behind the enemy's lines. Then the story, which got off to a bad start, has a terrible ending. But I won't tell you about that.

★ ★ ★ DANCING SWEETIES

CAST

Bill Cleaver.....Grant Withers
Molly O'Neil.....Sue Carol
Jazzbo Gans.....Edna Murphy
Mr. Cleaver.....Tully Marshall
Mrs. Cleaver.....Kate Price
Emma O'Neil.....Adamae Vaughn
Needles Thompson.....Eddie Philips
Produced by Warner Brothers.
Directed by Ray Enright.

Gordon Rigby and Joseph Jackson have made a swiftly moving comedy out of a story originally written by Harry



Sue Carol and Grant Withers in a scene from the swiftly moving comedy, Dancing Sweeties.

SEA and SKY

benefit of the hall. They are given, by way of reward, a tiny furnished apartment.

The story is expertly acted by a fine cast. Neither Grant Withers nor Sue Carol, who head the cast, ever gave better performances.

★ ★ ★ ANYBODY'S WOMAN

CAST

Pansy Gray.....Ruth Chatterton
Neil Dunlap.....Clive Brook
Gustave Saxon.....Paul Lukas
Grant Crosby.....Huntley Gordon
Eddie Calcio.....Tom Patricola
Dot Calcio.....Cecil Cunningham
Katherine Malcolm.....Juliette Compton

Produced by Paramount.
Directed by Dorothy Arzner.

Gouverneur Morris, Zoe Akins, and Doris Anderson all had a hand in fashioning this story for the screen. Morris wrote the book, Zoe Akins turned it into a play and worked with Miss Anderson on the screen script. Dorothy Arzner's deft hand is to be discerned in the direction.

Ruth Chatterton gives a convincing characterization of a chorus girl who marries a lawyer while the latter is on a spree, trying to forget his wife's desertion of him for a wealthier husband. Clive Brook plays the lawyer and gives a natural portrayal of an inebriate in the first scenes, but grows a little rigid as the picture progresses and loses his scenes to Paul Lukas, who has the rôle of Pansy's suitor.



War is often funny—in the films. Witness Buster Keaton and Sally Eilers in *Dough Boys*.

★ ★ DOUGH BOYS

CAST

Elmer.....Buster Keaton
Mary.....Sally Eilers
Nescopeck.....Cliff Edwards
Sergeant Brophy.....Edward Brophy
Svendenburg.....Victor Potel

Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
Directed by Edward Sedgwick.

Buster Keaton has given up musical comedy for straight. He's good either way, just as he is good silent or audible. In *Dough Boys* he goes



The romance of old-time whaling days lives again on the screen: Joan Bennett and John Barrymore in *Moby Dick*.

to war without having the slightest intention of doing so.

I won't spoil your fun by telling you how he happens to enlist before the draft. He gets into action and he meets his best girl—would you believe it?—doing war work in France.

Well, Elmer turns out to be a pretty good soldier, even if he didn't mean to be, and the tag of the picture will tickle you.

Do you know that—

Renee Adoree is back at work on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot, entirely recovered from her recent serious illness?

Four- and three-star pictures of the past month

★★★★—Abraham Lincoln.

★★★—Rain or Shine, Grumpy, Manslaughter, Romance, For the Defense, Common Clay.



Anybody's Woman gives you Paul Lukas, Ruth Chatterton, and Clive Brook.



JOHN made himself agreeable to several sweet young things, both married and submarried. But they disconcerted his contained westernism.

O r s a i r

*The Love Story
of a Modern
Buccaneer*

By
WALTON GREEN

Pictures by HARRY T. FISK

(Reading time: 23 minutes 45 seconds.)

What Has Gone Before:

JOHN HAWKS was in trouble. The pride of Hammers College—All-American half back, rated by the west, at least, as the fastest back of all time—was in wrong with the dean's office.

Popularity, jobs, opportunity came easily to Johnny. He earned his keep twice over and the surplus went to his mother on the Iowa farm. But he had no taste for books. With a Hammers-Yale game in the offing he was threatened with probation.

It was Chub Hopping to the rescue! Chub had attached himself to Johnny as philoso-

pher, tutor, and all-round wet nurse. He now slogged as tutor, Johnny shaved through, and when the Hammers team left for the east Hawks was off it and Hopping with it.

Many hours later, 40,000 people sat in a strange hush inside the Yale Bowl. The game was nearly over, the score at six to six, and Johnny Hawks was off with the ball. He ducked, twisted, dodged, and tore, in a frenzy of individualism, and touched it down behind the goal posts. Pandemonium! Hawks had stolen the game!

That night Johnny went to a dance at the Field Club in New Haven, and Chub, who knew everybody, pointed

out to him Stephen Corning, Hammers' richest graduate, the man who gave Hammers its stadium, the man who had written to Hawks suggesting that he go to Hammers.

Near Corning stood his daughter Alison, not yet eighteen, but a chip of the old block. She deigned to dance with Johnny. She handed him no bouquets, her smile was mocking, but in the end she said: "If you've nothing better to do tomorrow you might drive down with us to Long Island for a couple of days!" Now go on with the story.

PART TWO THE HEIRESS

"**T**HE water's warmer than the wind," observed Alison Corning conversationally. She spat out a mouthful of sea water, loosed one hand from the

projecting centerboard of the capsized dinghy, and cleared her eyes and hair. "No, I don't need the least help, Mr. Hawks. They've seen us from shore. The launch is putting out now."

Johnny Hawks trod water and looked nervous.

"Sure you can hold on?" he shouted, quite needlessly.

"I don't want to hold on—I'm going after those seat cushions. You get the oar that's drifting to leeward. Captain Andy will never forgive us if we lose his gear."

They swam after the cushions and oar, and pushed them on to the small Marconi sail that lay flat on the water. A choppy wave broke over John's head. He grinned, and switched his longish hair from his forehead with a flinging toss of the head.

*ALISON CORNING
sprawled thinly and
alluringly, superbly
heedless of everything
except her own comfort.*

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



SHE climbed up first, and sat at the stern. He found a handhold, and followed.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

"Don't do that." Miss Corning frowned. "It looks like a life guard showing off before servant girls. And please have your hair cut before you come east again."

Johnny blushed.

"I'm not coming east again."

"No?" she asked perfunctorily. And then: "I do believe your teeth are chattering, Mr. Hawks. I'm afraid you're sorry now you came down with us, after all."

"Not at all," said Johnny hastily, making an instinctive movement to adjust his sodden necktie. "It's—it's great fun. First time I've ever been sea-bathing. Sure you're not cold, Miss Corning?"

"Of course I'm cold. All right—here's the launch. No, don't try to climb over the bow—further aft, where it's lower."

She climbed up first, and sat at the stern. He found a handhold, and followed.

They sat dripping together on the stern thwart, whence the canny Captain Andy had removed his good seat cushions. The launch circled the cap-sized dinghy.

"Your gear's all right, captain. Set us ashore first—we're cold," commanded Miss Corning.

Captain Andy said nothing, but headed for shore. He was a down-easter, and it was his life principle to say nothing as often as possible.

THEY rounded to under the private breakwater and came alongside the float. The girl got out and led the way up the steep path to the great house which sprawled at the top of the hundred-foot bluff. At the head of the steps leading to the main terrace Mr. Corning met them. A slouching hulk of a man, pipe in mouth, hands in the pockets of his sloppy tweeds, he was as irritably unperturbed as his daughter. He ignored Hawks and addressed the girl.

"Thought you were a better sailor than to jibe over all-standing in a little skiff like that."

Alison's thin lips closed a trifle more tightly and she walked toward the house without answering.

"I'm afraid it was my fault, sir," volunteered Johnny. "Miss Corning was trying to teach me to sail."

"Huh?" growled Stephen Corning. "Well, hurry up and change. We're going out for tea on the Ventura."

John walked up to his room, squelching sea water from his shoes at each step. Hurry up and change! Fat chance, he thought disconsolately. Except for the clothes he stood in, he had no suit except the dinner jacket he had borrowed to bring east with him. Well, he'd change his shirt and drawers and dry out as best he could.

He opened his door to see a slight and colorless man engaged in laying out an assortment of flannel trousers on the edge of his bed. On the floor stood another assortment of shoes—sneakers and white buckskin. Three

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-TWO]

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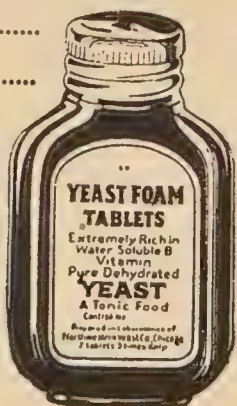
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CORSAIR [Continued from page thirty]

coats, from a conservative double-breasted blue serge to a wild Glenurquhart plaid, overhung the backs of as many chairs. Johnny's suitcase had disappeared, and his own things—which is to say his brush and comb—reposed on the dressing table in pointed isolation. On the bed, beside the array of flannels, lay his last spare socks and B. V. Ds.

"They phoned up from the boat-house when you capsized, sir," quoth the man in the subdued tentatives of an undertaker's assistant. "I fawncy you'll find h'everything you need, sir. I'm to do for you while you're 'ere, sir. If you'll leave your wet things in the bathroom, I'll see to them, sir."

Johnny was no snob. It was his first exposure to the offices of footmen and valets, but he was an athlete, and therefore not unaccustomed to the ministrations of body servants. He stripped in the bathroom, gave himself a brisk rubdown, and noted with a slow grin the meticulous regimentation of his frazzled toothbrush and battered shaving tools on the great crystal shelf.

When he came out into the room again the subdued man was taking bottles out of a painfully modernistic but highly convenient cellaret that opened in half like a wardrobe trunk. To Johnny's hip-pocket westernism it looked like a folding section of a one-man bar, which indeed it was.

"IGHBALL, sir? Or, if I might suggest—h'after the wetting—a nip of brandy, against taking a chill, sir?"

Johnny regarded the layout dubiously. In training. But he was chilly, and, after all, the coaches had said he was on the verge of getting too fine. One good stiff shot.

"Make it straight brandy, a little soda on the side," he ordered.

He scuttled into his clothes, tossed off the liquor, and hurried downstairs. By the time he reached the lower terrace he was pleasantly tingling in the midriff. Somebody's flannels fitted him perfectly and he felt quite man-of-the-worldish and set up. No one in sight. He went to the parapet and looked down. A huge black steam yacht was being warped into position alongside the float. A group of people stood on the float waiting for the starboard gangway ladder to be lowered. As he ran down the path Johnny could hear the creaking clack-clack of the davit blocks.

Alison Corning, apart from the group, was sitting on an iron bitt-

head, talking to—or, rather, listening to—a pleasantly animated young man who leaned over her with a touch of deference. Johnny, in his new confidence, approached her with considerable address. She acknowledged his arrival with a bare turn of the head. She did not introduce Johnny to the other man. She merely incorporated him in the conversation by indirection.

"Mr. Bentinck thinks America ought to cancel the war debts. What do you say, Mr. Hawks?" she asked without interest.



"PLEASED to know you, Mr. Bentinck," said Johnny, extending his hand with easy rotarianism.

Mr. Bentinck found the proffered hand after a time.

"How dedo?" he murmured vaguely. "I was remarking to Miss Corning that—"

"He's always remarking," stated Miss Corning. "That's all that Englishmen have been doing since the war."

The Englishman smiled amiably. Johnny grinned back. Miss Corning arose and followed the main group, who were already climbing up the white-tasseled gangway. The bowline was cast off, the vessel backed and swung on her springline, the creaking-taut springer slacked away, and they headed out into the bay.

John clung close to the Englishman. Except for his hosts, he knew no one else. Alison had left them to join a small group who were making themselves comfortable on the six-foot-wide deck couch which semi-circled the stern beneath the taffrail.

Johnny had never seen a modern yacht, much less been on one. It was very strange and beautiful to him. But even with the strangeness, he experienced a queer sense of familiarity, as though all this had happened to him before. He tried to analyze the feeling. He reflected that he had never seen the ocean until this very morning when they had crossed Long Island Sound by ferry; that he had never touched salt water until an hour back when he had capsized the dinghy. But this was as far as he got. He felt curiously at home, and that was an end of it. Even the people, with their offhand ways and coolnesses, did not disconcert him.

Johnny was unsophisticated to a degree. But he had a deeply innate, if slow, self-confidence which buttressed him against the impact of mere novelty and magnificence. He had stumbled into a great new world of careless ease and calculated opulence. He might be astonished at it, but he would neither show wonder nor feel awe.

John came out of his abstraction. The Englishman at his elbow was saying something.

"They ask you to tea and then offer you cocktails—I say, steward," he hailed a passing man, "I could do with a spot of tea. How about you, Mr. Hawks? Tea or peg?"

Johnny hesitated. The shot of brandy, working at its encouraging best, seemed to call for another. But he remembered.

"Tea," he said.

"Your first trip east, Mr. Hawks?" asked the Britisher conversationally.

"Yes," said Johnny shortly. And then, because he had always understood that the English were unduly inquisitive:

"You been over here long?"

"Matter of two years. Studying American financial methods and all that sort of thing. I'm in Mr. Corning's bank here. After a year or so more I'll go back and work in their London branch."

"Oh," said John, "you're tied in with an American outfit over there?"

"Quite. My pater's a partner in the London branch. Modern international stuff—hands across the counter and all that. The pound is dead, long live the dollar—if you know what I mean."

"But I thought all Englishmen—" Johnny stopped abruptly: it was he who was being inquisitive.

Bentinck smiled understandingly.

"Don't confuse politicians and business men—in either country, old chap. My governor and Mr. Corning talk the same language, and that's the dialect of the dollar. Forget Washington and Downing Street. It's Wall Street and Threadneedle that are going to do the talking from now on."

"I get you," said Johnny slowly. "But we don't hear much of this in my part of the country. I— Is Mr. Corning a big gun—internationally, I mean?"

"Rather!"

"IT'S all new to me," said Johnny meditatively. "The way they do things here. So fast—one thing right after another—and without taking any trouble. We think we're hustlers in the west, but these people move faster than anything I've ever seen. I don't know just how to say it, but it seems as if I'd lived a week since I left New Haven this morning. We've dashed everywhere, done a dozen things—gardens, horses, lunch, sailing, capsized—now out here for tea, then back for supper and I don't know what all next. And everything's ready for us, whatever we do. Do you get me?"

"Precisely," murmured Bentinck. "Everything's ready for you. That's the secret of it. Mr. Corning has a genius for having everything done for him except the things that only he can do himself. And that really is genius. Think of the saving in wear and tear and time and energy. He pays people to watch him, to know what he wants, to anticipate every detailed need. The man is a wonderful conservationist of his own abilities. Mrs. Corning doesn't even keep house. Corning does that too. Or, rather, he has a glorified housekeeper—a man at that—sort of domestic superintendent who runs all the Corning establishments—here, and in town, and in the south, in his three camps, even on this boat.

"In all his houses, in all his clubs and camps, in his London and Paris flats, he keeps identical sets of clothes and personal things. He never carries luggage unless he has to spend a night en route. And then he travels skeletonized, his man tagging along with a combination briefcase-toiletcase. At his office there are varying sized grips ready packed for different-length journeys. Corning can sail for Europe at ten minutes' notice and live there for ten years when he walks into one of his foreign headquarters."

"Whew!" exclaimed Johnny. "But he must spend a lot of time thinking up ways to save time!"

"Not at all. Twenty years ago it probably took him five minutes to decide the principle, ten minutes to dictate the outlines to a stenographer, and half an hour's detailed explanation to his secretary's secretary. He

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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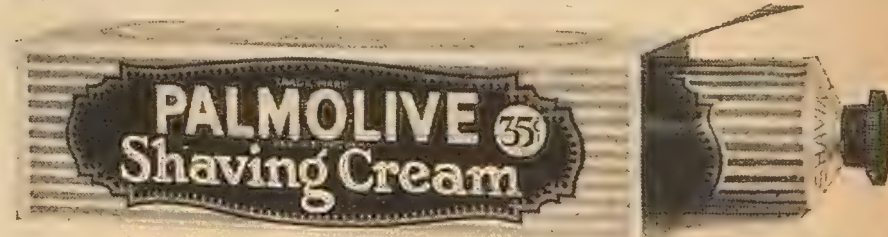
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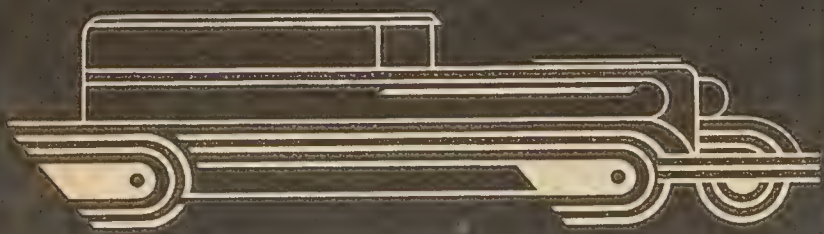


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CORSAIR

[Continued from page thirty-three]

never makes a bally movement—mind or body—that someone else can make for him. His man even shaves him in bed before he's half awake. He tubs himself, I fancy, but that's only because he likes to. He never does a blessed thing he doesn't want to. He works four hours a day instead of the usual six, and gets through ten hours of an ordinary man's work because everything is concentrated and boiled down to essence for him. A man whose business time is worth nearly a thousand dollars a minute doesn't like to spend many minutes picking out neckties."

Johnny looked down the deck to the group in the stern. "Somebody's drinking a cocktail for him right now," he suggested.

"Yes," agreed Bentinck; "he goes very light on spirits. And I don't suppose anyone in the States has a finer cellar."

Johnny sighed.

"I hadn't an idea he was like all this. Why, he used to write to me—just before I went to college—regular-guy letters—just as natural as talking. Long personal letters, too—knew all about me and gave me lots of good advice. It was his letters—the common sense of them and all—that made me decide to go to Hammers."

The Englishman smiled pleasantly.

"He probably read your name in the paper—tossed it to his secretary, and said, 'Get that boy to Hammers.' You've never met him before?"

"Never set eyes on him till last night in New Haven. He was at a dance. His—Miss Corning—I met her there, you see."

"Oh," said Bentinck in a different tone.

"It's all new and queer to me," continued John simply. "Hope I'm not pumping you too much."

"Not a bit," replied Bentinck sympathetically. "It's not quite as new to me, because I've been over a couple of years. But it's still almost as queer as it is to you, I expect. The Cornings are an astonishing family. They're the concentrated spiritual essence of your modern mechanized America, if you know what I mean?"

"Sort of," agreed Johnny uneasily. He felt as if Chub Hopping were lecturing him. The other warmed to his topic.

"TAKE Mrs. Corning, now. You've seen her, haven't you?"

"Sure, met her at lunch. More upstage than all the rest put together. Dowager, queen-mother stuff—hardly opened her mouth." Johnny grinned in retrospect.

"Precisely. But she's not authentic, my dear chap, not authentic. That's an overused writers' *cliché*, that word, but it's pat for Mrs. Corning. She's middle-western *nouveau*—Oh, I say, I'm sorry, old chap! But you know what I mean—bit of a touch of the parvenu. Her queen-mother stuff isn't real. She's always trying to live up to her position—or above it. Trying to outblood her husband and daughter. Like an understudy trying to outact the star, if you follow me.

"Mr. Corning, on the other hand, is real and ruthless. And Miss Alison is all of that, and then some, as you people say. Corning's people came over on the Mayflower, and his English forbears run back to the lads that painted themselves blue to frighten the original Saxons, if you know what I mean."

"But," objected Johnny, "I thought Mr. Corning was a self-made man."

"Which he is. Which is to say that his great-grandfather in New Bedford made half a million running rum and blacks, and his grandfather turned that half million into four million in his New Hampshire cotton mills, and his father rolled the four million into fifty down here in New York. Self-made? Absolutely. The present Corning has taken his father's fifty million and turned it over ten times in the last twenty-five years, and all the world eats out of his hand—except his daughter."

"Whew!" said John. "I'm beginning to savvy things." Again he grinned, a little pinkly this time, in remembrance of Alison's cool proprietorship.

"Don't she and the old man get on?"

"Get on?" I don't quite— Oh, of course. Yes, indeed, they 'get on' excellently. They're cut from the same cloth, and they're really congenial. That's why they squabble so, I fancy. But the young 'un has the edge on him. He's trained himself out of every bally fear and respect known to humanity, except one. And the girl started without any at all."

"Except one?"

"Money," explained Mr. Bentinck in the tone of simple deference which the English always accord that word. "Money. He's still a little afraid of his own money."

"You've sure sized up these people," commented John.

"I've had to. That's what I'm over here for."

Johnny grinned.

"You know, you're the first Britisher I've ever talked to, Mr. Bentinck, and you're not a bit like I'd always heard you were. You—"

"Nobody ever is like their own behavior pattern, Mr. Hawks. Now, you're from the west, and I don't know the first thing about your people, but I do know that your head—the whole cut of you—is infinitely more English than my own, let us say."

"Huh?" asked Johnny uncomfortably. He had still to learn the thin texture of British reticence.

BOTH men fell silent. The great Diesel yacht was moving through the choppy seas of the Sound with the speed of a destroyer and the effortless hum of a perfectly balanced dynamo. Johnny shifted his elbows from the teakwood rail and gazed aft. Alison Corning sprawled thinly and alluringly on the big couch, superbly heedless of everything except her own comfort. In one corner of her lovely slow mouth a lighted cigarette drooped unattended.

"All the same," said John slowly, "I'd hate to be the man—" He left it unfinished.

"Yes," agreed Bentinck, still more slowly, "I—er— Shall we join the mob? Some of 'em you ought to know. The little chap with the big bottle in his hand is Rex Sperrit—only ten-goal man in the game today outside of Lacey of the Argentine."

"So that's Sperrit, is it?" asked John with interest. "I'd sure like to meet him. I've read all about him."

But young Sperrit—young even to Johnny—wouldn't be drawn on polo. He talked football, talked it technically and dispassionately and with a thoroughly informed and matter-of-fact acceptance of Johnny's own supremacy. Johnny was charmed and at his ease. Two young athletes talking shop, and a boatload of outsiders of much wealth and bad manners.

It was nearly dark before the Ventura swung about and headed back for Scallop Bay. John talked a long time with young Sperrit, and later made himself agreeable to several sweet young things, both married and sub-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



I hate gossips *but* have you noticed her teeth?

... they look as though she never brushed them

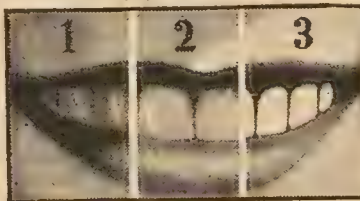
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CORSAIR
[Continued from page thirty-five]

married. But they disconcerted his contained westernism. They habitually jumped the conversational and mental preliminaries which his decent unsophistication demanded, precipitated intimate biological discussions that left him high in the air and blushing furiously. The matrons seemed in tacit revolt against all continence and chastity, and the maidens did their finishing-school darnedest to appear both unvirginal and unaccessible at one and the same time.

Johnny had always rather liked chastity—made Main Street obeisance to it as an abstraction, at all events. It upset him measurably to hear it sneered into the limbo of Victorianism.

Of course he was Victorian himself. Everything north of the Bronx is Victorian.

But John didn't know all this; didn't know that it was ninety-nine words to one act; didn't realize that the fine old art of muliebrity is only temporarily overshadowed by a tawdry feminism.

Alison Corning he didn't see again until they were about to go ashore. It was seven o'clock and pitch dark when they made the landing. As John started down the ladder he felt a hand on his arm.

"Wait a minute, Mr. Hawks," she commanded.

John stepped back on deck.

"This crowd's all leaving," she said slowly, "and there'll be no one home for dinner except the family. I'm going to eat on the boat. You can stay if you like."

"Oh," said John.

She leaned on the rail alongside Johnny without the slightest thought of ameliorating their isolation, and waved easy farewells to the departing visitors.

Bentinck, halfway down the ladder, looked up at them.

"ALL ashore as is going ashore," he hailed with hearty inappositeness. Alison shook her head with a slow half smile. Bentinck looked nervous and hurried on. Mr. Corning turned his head and scowled, but said nothing.

"All right, skipper." Miss Corning spoke to the captain at her other side. "You can run out to your mooring. But leave the gangway outboard. And please tell the steward to bring sandwiches aft, and some beer or something."

Captain Andy nodded glumly. The girl led the way aft to the taffrail couch. The ship moved out to her berth behind the breakwater, and presently a steward brought steamer

rugs and a tray of sandwiches and drinks.

Alison attacked the sandwiches with determination. Her appetite, at all events, was healthily adolescent.

"Quebec ale in the bottles," she mumbled through a mouthful of sandwich. "You can drink that in training, can't you? I'm taking Scotch and soda—haven't had a drink all day."

"Do you do this often?" asked John mildly.

"Do what? Out here, you mean?"

HE nodded. She looked at him quizzically and then deliberately ignored the question. He was to find that she habitually ignored any question or situation she did not choose to discuss. It gave her a water-tight conversational superiority. Also, at the moment, it nettled John. He watched the unpret-

tily munching jaws and lost his temper a little.

"You won't get away with that when you grow up," he said sharply.

"With what?"

"Talking with your mouth full. It just isn't done."

"I do it," she answered with supreme indifference. "Tell me, Mr. Hawks, did the rough girls frighten you this afternoon?"

"No," said John meditatively, "not after I got used to it." He was finding it gorgeously comfortable to talk to this girl—when he simply spoke whatever flashed into his mind.

"Susie Grenoble really is tough," she offered. "But the little Spinney child you were making up to is as prim as they come. She talks like a street woman, but it's all pose."

"No street woman"—he felt an access of pride in not boggling the words—"could talk as raw as some of them did."

"Course not. Amateurs always overact professional parts."

Johnny pondered this and decided to let it go. This girl, could he have phrased it to himself, had none of the veiled indecencies and the calculated provocatives of the others. She was repelling and compelling—cold, selfish, and autocratic—but she neither paraded her person nor exploited her less admirable mental processes. All this he might have thought had he been older and wiser. As it was, he felt only that she was easy to talk to once you got used to taking 'em on the chin.

"When are you going back?" she asked. "Do you want to stay down here with me tomorrow?"

Johnny reflected. She didn't hurry him. He decided to answer without evasion.

"I'd sure like to stay down here, but I think I'd better start back to—"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT]





Clean inside - well outside!

© 1930 Stanco Inc.

"GIVE her th' gas, will ya, Freckles? D'ye think that's a bubble you're blowin'?"

Health! The ability to put every last ounce into the joyous business of living! Do you know its one most important rule?

Doctors pretty well agree that (barring germ diseases) most illness and headache, most lack of pep and ambition, most cases of seeing the world through blue glasses generally, are due to failure or inability to "keep clean inside." One famous British physician goes so far as to say "auto-intoxication (the self-poisoning that goes with this failure) is perhaps the most important factor in the

production of disease." Just as the doctors agree in blaming this condition for most of our sickness, so they agree also on the safe way to relieve it—keeping clean inside by the Nujol type of treatment. Crystal-clear Nujol is not a medicine at all. It contains no drugs. It is not absorbed, and therefore cannot make you fat. It is colorless and tasteless, and children love it.

Nujol



health

The tonic effect of Nujol on the whole body is due to the way it helps you without the weakening effect of drugs. As Nujol is harmless as pure water, many doctors advise taking it as regularly as you brush your teeth or wash your face. Why? Because it's common sense that

*and they
look it!*

★

if you keep as clean inside as you do outside, chances are you will be well all the

time. Remember two things:

One. Don't expect results overnight. This is nature's own method, and nature is never violent. Your body will respond gratefully and normally, and day by day you will feel better as this soothing treatment takes effect.

Two. Be sure you get Nujol. Your druggist has this pure and drugless product in a sealed package, trademarked "Nujol" to protect you.

If you want to be well, and therefore happy, give the sensible Nujol treatment a real trial—and begin today.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-SIX]

morrow. I've got to be a day in New York to see some Hammers graduates about coaching next season. And—and—I guess I'd better get along—on general principles," which last was a distinct evasion, after all. He regarded her covertly under the dim glow of the dead-light above them: one corner of the self-derisive mouth was drawn down in her slow half smile.

"I suppose you're right," she said conversationally. "I'm not used to your type and you're not used to mine.

That kind of novelty stuff is too tricky to fool with. You don't want to go back west with any cold and lovely heiress complex to come between you and your corn-fed girls. And I know just what I do want in this world—"

"You're in luck," gasped Johnny, astonished.

"—and it's not any he-man son-of-the-soil stuff—not at the moment, anyway."

John said nothing.

"I'm simply not taking any. So that's that. Finish your ale, and we'll go ashore—before Stephen sends someone out to save you. I don't think my honored sire quite trusts me."

She touched a push button in the stanchion beside her.

"Is the launch alongside?" she asked when a steward appeared. "Very good, we'll be there directly."

They made the trip in silence: a thoroughly understanding sort of silence it seemed to John. A choppy sea was running as they stepped from the launch to the float, and their weight depressed the low freeboard so that water sloshed about the girl's ankles. She did not jump away, as most women would, but took it with manlike equanimity.

"Good night," she called to the launch man, and then, to John:

"Want to ride up in the escalator, or climb the path?"

"I thought you always knew just what you wanted," parried Johnny in his new-found glibness.

"OH," she said slowly, and had the grace to let him see that he had scored. "Very well, we'll take the long, long trail—" There was a touch of uncertainty in her voice. John fell in behind her, and they started up the switchbacked path. Halfway up, at an iron-railed parapet with a stone bench, she stopped to rest.

The night was clear and cold and brightly star-pricked.

Above them the great house loomed big against the northern sky, its bulk punctured by the lights of its windows. Below them the harbor lay like a black crater, dotted with riding lights, and the amorphous shapes of vessels lying at anchor.

Alison leaned with her back to the iron railing and looked at him through the darkness.

"What are you going to do when you get back?" she asked.

"Get ready for our final game in the conference series."

"And after that?"

"Oh—finish up college. I graduate in June, you know."

"And after that?"

"Take it easy for a while—couple of months' vacation back on

the farm. I've got a mother and two brothers back home, you know."

"Yes—but next year, I mean—when you go to work?"

John hesitated uncomfortably.

"Tell the truth, I don't quite know. I—I've had a good many jobs offered me—and I can't quite make up my mind. Most of 'em don't pay any too well. The best is a coaching job—three years' contract as back-field coach, at—at quite a lot of money."

"Do you mean to say you're just going to ride on your football reputation because it's the easiest thing to do?"

"Well," he hesitated, "I'm good at that, you see. It's what I know best. I—I'm no whirlwind at book stuff."

"But if you start coaching you'll find it almost impossible to change over to anything real. They'll tempt you with a big coaching salary, and ornamental secretary jobs in the off seasons. Of course, if that's all you want in life—why, all right."

"Nobody's offered me a bank presidency yet," observed John.

SHE didn't answer for a time. When finally she spoke, her voice sounded far off.

"Why don't you come east and get a start in the big things? Steve would give you a job—put you

through all their departments. You'd have to begin by selling bonds, I suppose."

"I've never thought of the east," said John. "You see, I sort of belong out there. This—well—all you people—it's interesting, but I don't know—" he finished lamely.

He felt her move impatiently at his side.

"I'm getting cold," she said, and started quickly up the path. Her voice drifted back to him faintly.

"You'd best go up with Steve in the morning. He commutes on the Ventura—you can get breakfast on board."

"Oh," called Johnny. "Then I won't see you again. Wait a minute—I want to thank you."

He caught up with her just below the parapet of the main terrace.

"Thanking is quite unnecessary," she said quietly. There was an amused undercurrent in her voice. "On the whole, I think I shall thank you—for not trying to make love to me tonight."

Johnny still could not quite see her. "I—I never thought of such a thing," he said unsteadily.

Her voice sounded closer.

"You wouldn't, my dear." He felt her two hands drop lightly to his shoulders. Then she kissed him full upon the mouth.

"Which is good-by from the cold and lovely heiress," she said composedly. Then she was gone.

Alison is destined to give Johnny the key to still another new and exciting world. He steps into this world in next week's installment of the story.

NEXT WEEK—

Handcuffed

A remarkable tale by
a master story-teller

Owen Johnson

AND

A Beach Resort among the Bolsheviks

A vivid picture of life
in present-day Russia, by

Charmion von Wiegand

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay \$1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

1—Which extends farther east, New Mexico or Wyoming?

2—Who painted The Gleaners?

3—What is the origin of the word morphine?

4—What is the Gold Coast?

5—What part of an egg is called albumen?

6—What is watch night?

7—What university in Tennessee is named for a former United States President?

8—What part of a shoe is called the counter?

9—What was William Tell's nationality?

10—What is the capital of Morocco?

11—What is an integer?

12—What does *ad interim* mean?

13—Trafalgar Square, London, is a memorial to whom?

14—Whose picture appears on the internal revenue stamps borne by most cigarette packages?

15—What is the title of the poem that begins, "The boy stood on the burning deck"?

16—What is plagiarism?

17—What is insouciance?

18—What was our national slogan during the Spanish-American War?

19—Who wrote The Prisoner of Chillon?

20—Who was the goddess of health in classical mythology?

(Answers will be found on page seventy)

She flew from New York to Boston and I told her this complexion secret en route



Not long ago I flew to Boston in a Sikorsky Amphibian—my very first airplane ride. There were eight of us in the cabin—all strangers.

But flying is still so new that it wasn't long before we were all chatting like friends. And I talked quite a lot to the girl across the narrow aisle from me.

Just before we reached Boston we exchanged cards and I was terribly surprised and pleased to discover that she knew who I was. She said, "Oh, Miss Chase, please let me talk to you after we land. I need your advice so badly about my complexion."

After we were on our way in from the airport, she told me she'd had quite a persistent case of acne for over a year. I asked her what she had done for it and she said, "Oh, I've tried everything." I found her "everything" was all kinds of lotions and oint-



ments and treatments—in fact, everything but the one thing she needed.

So I told her that the only care a normally healthy skin needs is thorough cleansing with such a gentle, mild soap as Camay. And that, for any chronic condition such as hers, the only person qualified to give her advice was a dermatologist—a registered physician who has specialized in the care of the skin.

This girl was so grateful for my advice that I arranged an appointment for her with one of the dermatologists whom I had consulted about Camay when I first started preparing

these complexion articles.

A few days ago the girl wrote me her complexion had cleared up wonderfully from the medical treatment. And that, on her doctor's advice, the only care she was now giving her skin was the gentle, fragrant Camay care we've all come to feel so enthusiastic about.

And *isn't* it grand to know that the one care that great authorities prescribe for our complexions is the loveliest and most exquisitely fragrant that could possibly be devised?

Helen Chase

What is a dermatologist?

The title of dermatologist properly belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists of America who have approved the composition and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to their approval, as stated in this advertisement.

John Allen Pusey
M. D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States.)

Face Your World With Loveliness—is a free booklet with advice about skin care from 73 leading American dermatologists. Write to Helen Chase, Dept. YLL-90, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Camay has been tested and approved by 73 of America's most eminent dermatologists—no other complexion soap ever had such medical approval. Camay is a Procter & Gamble Soap [Called Calay in Canada]—10¢ a Cake

H-71—THE RADIO-PHONOGRAPH
COMBINATION

A cabinet of rare beauty. Its graceful lines are emphasized by the rich grain of the specially selected walnut. (Equipped with Tone Control.)



Out of the House of Magic has come

GENERAL ELECTRIC FULL RANGE RADIO.

The placing of the General Electric Monogram on this modern Radio, with its new standards of performance, marks the emergence of the radio industry from the old conditions into a new era—an era of stability and service

General Electric Full Range Radio is the answer from the "House of Magic" to the problem of modern broadcasting conditions.

Existing stations using greater power, and additional stations coming on the air have resulted in a radio traffic jam. The average set has neither the sensitivity nor the selectivity necessary to take full advantage of the available radio entertainment.

With General Electric Full Range Radio comes radio reception as General Electric Engineers know it should be.

These new standards of radio quality, the new pleasure that you will get from this Full Range radio are the results of combining, for the first time, the ultra-selectivity of the Super-Heterodyne circuit with the extreme sensitivity of screen-grid tubes.

The Full Range Sensitivity of General Electric Radio brings in stations too distant

or too low powered for the ordinary set.

The Full Range Selectivity of General Electric Radio abolishes overlapping. Every line on the dial coincides with a definite wave length—each one a separate station clear and distinct.

The Full Range Tone of General Electric Radio brings in lower and higher notes better than the average radio. Every note on the scale is tone-true. The rich beauty of General Electric Radio tone is free from distortion.

As in other products—now in Radio—the General Electric monogram assures the highest possible standards of performance. And—it is a definite guarantee of quality in the product.

Your General Electric Radio dealer has been selected because of his ability to serve you. Go to him and prove to your own satisfaction the superiority of General Electric Full Range Radio.



H-31—THE LOWBOY

A simple and distinguished example of good furniture design.

H-51—THE HIGHBOY CABINET

A truly handsome piece. Dignified and distinctive. (Equipped with Tone Control.)



So selective that every line on the dial marks a different station.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

FULL RANGE RADIO

Grover

fished on Sunday

*A Study
in Presidential Consciences*

PRESIDENTS and fish—a queer combination, perhaps. But if you combine them in this little problem of ethics, common sense, the observance of the Lord's Day, clean thinking, or efficiency, you will at once note the connection.

You are, let us say, a fisherman who believes it wrong to fish on Sunday. There are anywhere from 500,000 to 1,000,000 such men in the United States. On the other side are 15,000,000 or so who fish every Sunday they can. You, though, for the purposes of the problem, are not one of these Sabbath sinners.

You are about thirty miles off Montauk Point, with some friends, and you have just hooked the biggest game fish of your career, a monster swordfish, let us say. It is about six in the evening, and you are determined to land your prize no matter how long it takes. Excited, nearly profane, you play the fish, thrilling when you see him leap from the water, despairing when it seems he must break the line.

Your friends offer you sandwiches and coffee, but you have no time to eat or to drink. You scorn food. There's nothing in the world for you but the capture of that wonderful fish!

The sun has gone down, and the air is cold, but you do not mind. The moon is bright. You can still fish. With every hour of fighting your spirit rises. You are tiring, but so is the fish. A little more time and he is yours.

Then suddenly one of your well-meaning friends shouts to you that it is midnight. You don't realize for a moment exactly what that means. It takes some time for you to understand.

But you do understand. It is now Sunday. And may one fish on Sunday? A moment ago it was perfectly all right to land that broadbill. But now—

What are you going to do? Cut the line?

Perhaps you are the President of the United States. That, of course, wouldn't make any difference to you—in the relation of your conscience to the fish.

By



EDWARD DOHERTY
who has combined in this article his talent for recording current events with an eye for character as revealed by the nation's builders. Reporter and editor, he also has to his credit two novels serialized in Liberty and, judging from his own words, must be something of an angler himself.

But suppose, just when you are saying to yourself—"Well, the Lord knows I really caught this fish on Saturday, and it isn't wrong to pull him in on Sunday. In fact, it would be a sin not to. Think of wasting all this time and energy and—sweat!" Just when you are telling yourself these things

you remember that there are newspaper men aboard this boat of yours.

Now will you cut that line?

It depends, of course, on whether you are the sort of President who does what he thinks is right, in public and private life, or who does what he thinks the majority of the electors believe is right.

What would Roosevelt have done in your predicament?

Probably he would have said, "Speak softly and get the big gaff ready." Coolidge might have said, "Midnight, daylight-saving time. Really eleven o'clock. I do not choose to quit." One doesn't imagine Harding, Wilson, Taft, McKinley, or Harrison fighting a fish twelve hours. Cleveland would have growled, "What of it?" and kept on fishing. But Hoover would, no doubt, let the fish go back to his Sunday school.



© Brown Bros.
*Grover Cleveland in his fishing clothes.
That reel spun on many a Sunday.*

THE newspapers announce almost every week-end that the President does not fish on Sunday.

Mr. Hoover is fond of fishing, and is an expert fisherman. He has done much to stock the waters of the country with fish. He is for more fish and more fishermen. In an address to the Izaak Walton League of America, Mr. Hoover, when he was Secretary of Commerce, estimated that 10,000,000 people went game fishing in 1926.

"But," he says, "I have no sympathy with attempts at disarmament of the gigantic army which every year marches against the fish, nor any limitations on its equipment of automobiles, tackle, or incantations. I am for force, more force, and more fish."

He might have added, "but not on Sunday." But he didn't.



© Brown Brothers

A Cleveland fishing party. The picture was taken about 1905 on Duncan Lake, Ossipee, N. H. At the left is Dr. Howard McClenahan, former Princeton dean, now secretary of the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia. William Boyden, Chicago lawyer, who died last year, is in the center and Mr. Cleveland in the stern.

I wrote to George Akerson, secretary to the President, to ask why Mr. Hoover does not fish on Sunday. Mr. Akerson replied as follows:

"The President does not fish on Sunday. I have been with him a great many years and in all parts of the country and I have never known him to fish on Sunday. I don't know whether this is due to early religious training or not—as you know, he was brought up as a Quaker. However, the fact does remain that he does not fish on Sunday, despite all assertions to the contrary. It is just one of those things that he doesn't do. He is, as you know, a most ardent fisherman."

I wrote Mr. Coolidge, asking if he had ever fished on Sunday, and if he would relate any interesting fishing incidents. He replied: "I should suppose you would know that I did not fish on Sunday."

"I am in private life," he added, "and would like very much to be left in private life. Scarcely a day passes that I am not called on to furnish copy for the press. When I was in public life I tried to do this and had some facilities for meeting the obligation. I do not have any now and it is a burden that I cannot undertake to carry. Besides that, I do not know of any experiences I have had which would be of any interest."

Wilson never engaged in fishing as a relaxation, and though Roosevelt was a great outdoors man he spent much more time in hunting than in fishing.

ONE must go back to Grover Cleveland to find a Presidential angler who wouldn't be second to Herbert Hoover. And Cleveland fished as often as he could. He would take a fish on Sunday or any other day. He drank, he swore—at times; he seldom went to church; he did whatever he thought was right. And historians class him with Washington and Lincoln. Incidentally, Washington was a fisher and hunter—and didn't pay much attention to church.

Cleveland was nominated three times for the Presidency, despite the fact that he fought with most of the politicians in his party, and could have been nominated again had he been willing. He was elected twice by the electoral college, and three times by popular vote. In

1888, his margin over Harrison was 100,476 votes, but the archaic electoral college, with its balloting by states, showed a lead of sixty-five votes for the Republican nominee. Cleveland came back in 1892 and won in the electoral college, too, for his second term.

Cleveland kotowed to no one—not even the blue-law Sabbatarians. He flouted the politicians. He scrapped with Congress. He put Gene Debs in jail. He dared the Senate to impeach him. He dared England to go to war over the boundary between British Guiana and Venezuela. He denounced free silver when the Democratic party was in favor of it.

And the people loved him—because he was all man.

THEY loved Andy Jackson for the same reason—hot-headed Andy who fought duels, ordered militiamen shot when they mutinied, and married a woman before she was completely divorced. Andy might have been President until he died. And Andy—don't you think?—would have landed that fish whether he went to hell for it or not.

Cleveland, unlike most of our modern occupants of the White House, was a good square drinking man, though there isn't any record of his ever being drunk. Drinking, let it be said here, never interfered with fishing. Cleveland could sit up all night, and often did, playing pinochle in the back of some saloon, and drinking beer. When he went fishing or duck-shooting he usually had a bottle of bourbon with him, and some friends to share it with.

Even in those days there were plenty of people who frowned on drinking men. But what did Cleveland care about that?

In his little book, *Fishing and Shooting Sketches*, Cleveland tells how Daniel Webster made some of his finest speeches to the fish, and turned to his guide and proposed a fitting libation in recognition of his catch.

"This part of the story is not here repeated on account of its superior value," he writes . . . "but I am thus given an opportunity to speak of the emotion which fascinated me . . . as I recalled how a certain souvenir called 'the Webster flask,' carefully hoarded among my valued possessions, was fitted to the situation described."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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Bourne, inclose 20 cents and receive both books.

[GROVER FISHED ON SUNDAY] Continued from page forty-three

William McAdoo, New York's late chief magistrate, once painted a delightful picture of the grand old man in his last days. McAdoo had gone to see him at his summer home in Buzzard's Bay, not far from Cape Cod, and to ask him if he would not be for the fourth time a candidate for the Presidency. McAdoo went as a delegate from Tammany Hall. Cleveland hated and despised Tammany. And Tammany had no love for Cleveland. But the chieftains believed that the only Democrat they could elect was Grover Cleveland, and McAdoo was a fine emissary, because Cleveland had made him assistant secretary of the navy.

"Grover met me at the depot," Mr. McAdoo said. "He was a big round man sitting in a buggy. He was dressed in baggy old clothes and a big sombrero, and he was tanned and fit. He greeted me heartily, and we talked fishing all the way to his home.

"When I got out of the buggy I saw a megaphone and asked what it might be used for. Mr. Cleveland laughed, and explained that he spent most of the day in a boat—usually a light-house tender—and they had to use the megaphone to call him to dinner.

"On a wall in the front room I saw several rows of old shoes dangling from hooks. These were the children's shoes, graduating in size from baby shoes to those worn in the teens. Mrs. Cleveland had saved them as her treasures. Cleveland was as soft and tender as a woman while he explained those shoes to me—and pointed out those that had covered the flying feet of Ruth, the little girl who died.

"Grover's room was littered with fishing equipment, rods, reels, nets, hooks, everything he and his friends needed for the catching of fish. As soon as he went in, Cleveland thrust his hand into a cabinet, and I was sure he was going to bring out a handful of fishhooks—the kind we had been discussing. I cautioned him that he might tear his hand to pieces. But he didn't want fishhooks. He wanted whisky. And he kept it handy there in the cabinet.

"It was a popular brand of bourbon. I don't remember the name of it; there were so many good brands in those days. Alas! But whatever it was, it was good. We had one or two, and then began to talk politics."

Cleveland didn't promise he would run again. He didn't say he would refuse the nomination. But when he was parting from McAdoo he demanded to know just what McAdoo would tell the committee.

"I'll tell them you don't want the nomination," McAdoo said, "but that if they insist, and the party cannot find another candidate, you'll make the sacrifice."

"Just how are you going to say it?" Cleveland demanded. "Give me the exact words." McAdoo complied. Cleveland made no comment. He shook hands again, said good-by, and

went back to his fishing. Later he decided that he had borne enough responsibility—and too much vilification and abuse. He would not run again.

Cleveland was the son of a minister, the descendant of a long line of ministers, one of whom founded the city of Cleveland. He went to Buffalo after his father died, and while staying at the home of his uncle, Lewis F. Allen, he edited a herdbook, studied law, and fished. He was assistant district attorney of Erie County when the Civil War began. He and his two brothers drew straws out of their mother's Bible to see which one should remain at home as breadwinner. Cleveland drew the short straw. When he was drafted he borrowed money and sent a substitute.

WHEN he was sheriff he hanged two men, springing the trap himself that no one else might bear the odium. When he was mayor of Buffalo he succeeded in convincing a hostile governor that he should not execute a murderer. The man was drunk when he killed, Cleveland argued, and this should be considered as a mitigating circumstance. The governor didn't care to listen to arguments, but Cleveland rose in his wrath, his voice growling, the hair at the back of his neck sticking up menacingly. "We come to you as to a king having the power of life and death," he said. "You must hear us to the end."

The governor commuted sentence and later the convict died in an insane asylum.

If Cleveland hadn't been mayor of Buffalo he might not have been governor of New York. If he hadn't been governor it is quite probable he never would have been President of the United States. And if he hadn't been a drinking man and a politician he probably never would have been mayor.

He wandered into a Buffalo saloon, the right saloon, at the right time, to get a drink and a bite to eat—and there was the committee looking for the right candidate. In less than four years he was President.

He was mayor but a little while before he became governor. And he hadn't become used to Albany when he was nominated for President. He was elected after one of the bitterest campaigns in American political history, a campaign in which he was content to have "the other side" fling all the mud.

In the campaign of 1884, when Cleveland was running for President for the first time, the Rev. George H. Ball of Buffalo charged him with seduction and bastardy, and humbly begged that God would not strike him dead because he had voted for Cleveland for governor.

This was a situation to test a man's greatness of soul. Cleveland, running for the Presidency, was a man scarcely known outside New York. The politicians were hostile to him. Scandal easily could have wrecked his career. A caucus of his friends asked

him to wire a full and complete denial. Cleveland wrote a telegram of about 700 words—he never could say anything in a few words—but was it a denial? Emphatically it was not.

The gist of it was, "Tell the truth."

The story broke, and despite the fact that Cleveland admitted his youthful misstep, he went to the White House. Many of his friends, though, declare that Cleveland never had anything to do with the woman of the story, a widow, and that he acted as he did to protect a friend whose wife was extremely jealous. Incidentally the child who became such a campaign figure in '84 is now one of the finest doctors in Buffalo.

Cleveland seldom denied anything. Even the story that he had signed the pledge and become "a white ribbon convert" he did not deny, though it arose out of the fact that once when he was in a hurry he declined a glass of champagne. Roosevelt, you remember, sued a Michigan editor for saying he drank too much—and collected six cents.

Cleveland didn't care what people thought of him so long as he knew he was right. He would rather be right than be President. When he was fighting free silver, his friends told him he was committing political suicide. He said he would keep on fighting, "and the Presidency can go to hell!"

YET, though he was intense in his loyalty to party and principles, when he was fishing he could sometimes forget everything and be happy.

"How little and frivolous all this seems to me," he wrote Richard Watson Gilder, speaking of attacks on him. "They appear to be indices of the meanness and malice of men and politicians. So at this time I am wondering when the bluefish will be about and biting."

"He was a fine, grand man," as a political contractor said. "He wouldn't promise to do one damn' thing I asked."

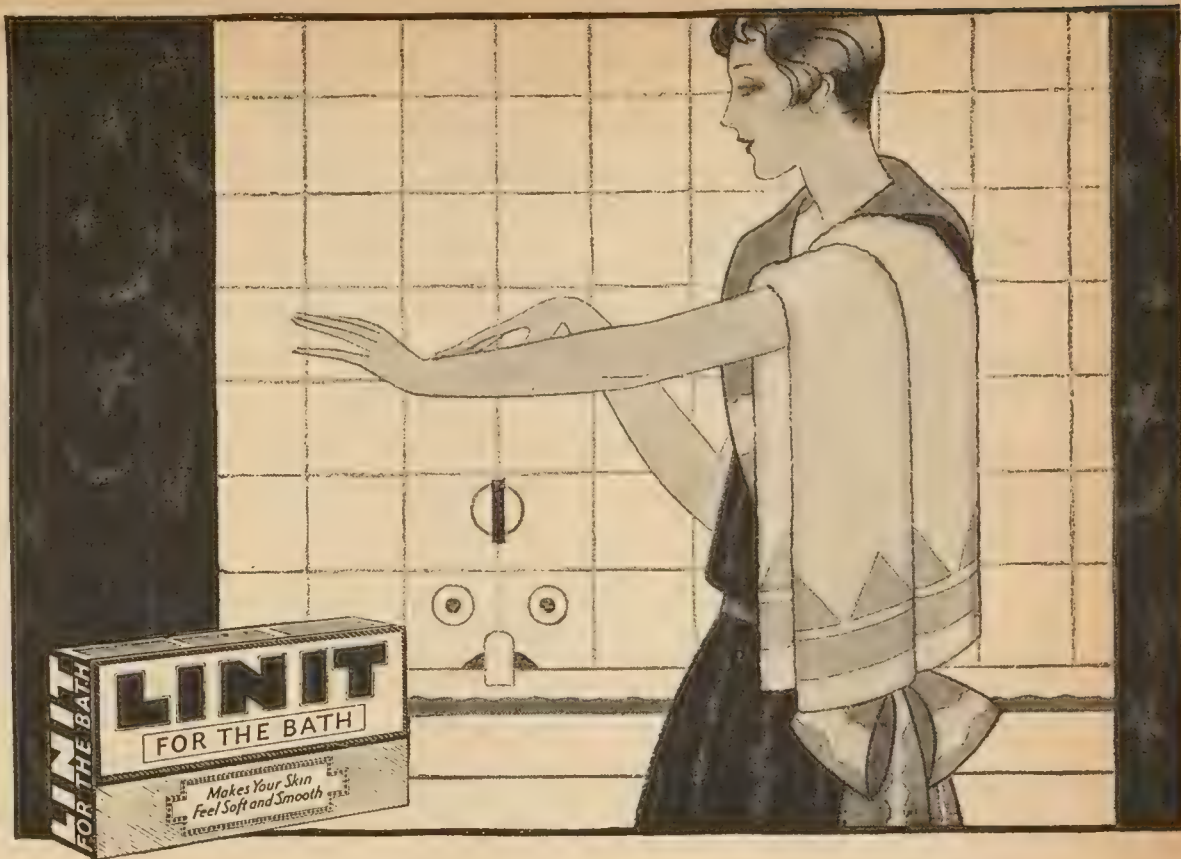
Possibly that contractor would say the same of Mr. Hoover, had he the opportunity of seeing the President. Hoover has some of the virtues that distinguished Cleveland. Yet, allow me to quote from both again.

Mr. Hoover, talking of fishing, has said: "Its blessings include not only Edgar Guest's 'wash of the soul' with pure air, but they also now include discipline in the equality of men, meekness and inspiration before the works of nature, charity and patience toward tackle makers and the fish, a mockery of profits and conceits, a quieting of hate and a hushing to ambition, a rejoicing and gladness that you do not have to decide a blanked thing until next week."

Why is it wrong to exercise these virtues on Sunday?

Mr. Cleveland, describing a true fisherman, says: "He may not fish well, but if he does not deliberately rush ahead of all companions to preempt every promising place in the

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]



This marvelous Beauty Bath gives a glorious feeling to your body—INSTANTLY

WOULD you like to have your skin feel soft and smooth as a rose petal simply by taking a most soothing pleasant bath?

Merely dissolve half a package or more of Linit in your bath—bathe as usual, using your favorite soap—and then feel your skin—the rarest velvet couldn't be more soft and smooth!

This satiny "feel" comes from an extremely thin "layer" of Linit—invisible to the eye—left on the skin after the bath. This thin, porous coating of powder is *evenly* spread—not in spots that it may clog the pores—but *thinly* and *evenly* distributed over all parts of the body.

The outstanding attraction of a Linit Bath is that the results are immediate. You need not wait weeks for some sign of improvement in your skin.

Linit is pure starch from corn—harmless to the most delicate skin. Doctors regard the purity of starch from corn so highly that they generally recommend it for the tender skin of babies.

LINIT is sold by your GROCER

the bathway to a soft smooth skin

"Oh, I say...
is there no end
to this?"



IT'S Sir Walter speaking. What, Sir Walter Raleigh? The same.

Some months ago he offered pipe lovers a free booklet on "How to take care of your pipe." And the poor chap's been buried under requests ever since.

However, we've succeeded in engaging two of Queen Elizabeth's ladies-in-waiting to help the old boy out with his mail—so don't hesitate to send for your copy. It tells you how to break in a new pipe—how to keep it sweet and mellow—how to make an old pipe smoke smoother and better—the proper way to clean a pipe—and a lot of worth-while hints on pipe hygiene.

If you're a pipe smoker, you'll want to read this booklet. It's free. Just write to the Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Ky. Dept. 48.

**SIR WALTER
RALEIGH**
Smoking Tobacco



It's 15¢ and

it's milder

[GROVER FISHED ON SUNDAY]
Continued from page forty-five

stream, nor everlastingly study to secure for his use the best of the bait, nor always fail to return borrowed tackle, nor prove to be blind, deaf, and dumb when others are in tackle need, nor crowd into another's place, nor draw his flask in secrecy, nor light a cigar with no suggestion of another, nor do a score of other indefinable mean things that among true fishermen constitute him an unbearable nuisance, he will not only be tolerated but aided in every possible way."

Mr. Hoover estimated the number of fishermen at 10,000,000; but that was some years ago. Mr. Fred Fletcher, one of the recognized authorities on fishing, who writes a column in The News, New York, called With Rod and Gun, puts the number higher.

"Bureau of Agriculture figures show there are about 6,000,000 hunters licensed annually," he says, "and it is known there are about three fishermen for every hunter. That would make the number 18,000,000 or so."

"How many of them fish on Sunday?" I asked.

"About ninety-five per cent," he replied. "Sunday is the only day they can fish. Pennsylvania does not allow Sunday fishing; therefore many Pennsylvanians drive into New York or New Jersey or Delaware or Maryland or West Virginia or Ohio.

"Every Sunday morning, if you are

down around Sheepshead Bay, Brooklyn, you can see at least one hundred boats putting out to sea. Some boats have fifteen anglers, some two hundred or more, standing two deep all around the deck rail, and every man with a bottle and a package of sandwiches.

"On Sunday every fishing stream in America is visited (except in Pennsylvania), every good lake, every fresh- and salt-water fishing spot. And all along the eastern and western coasts men go out to lure the broadbill and the tuna and the albacore and the sailfish—and the shark.

"Fishing, I should say, is America's most popular Sunday pastime. There are more fishers than golfers in the United States. There are, according to my figures, about six times as many."

"Do you fish on Sunday?" I asked.

"Certainly not," Fletcher answered.

"Do the fish observe Sunday?"

"Well, there are so many boats stirring up the water that you can't blame the fish if they do make Sunday their day of rest."

I propounded to Mr. Fletcher the problem of the fish hooked Saturday and fought until Sunday morning.

"Do you know any fisherman who would have cut that line?" I asked.

His answer was a raucous laugh.

Another group of anecdotes of Grover Cleveland will appear in next week's Liberty.

Liberty is offering

\$100 Apiece for Short Short Stories

THEY must be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 1,200 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be paid for any accepted and published.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of Liberty, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

Otherwise the customary rules for submitting manuscripts will apply. Use one side of the paper only, and if possible use a typewriter, though legible handwriting will not be barred. All manuscripts are sent at the owners' risk. If you want rejected ones returned, inclose a stamped and addressed envelope—NOT MERELY STAMPS.

And when you send them address them simply to SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 220 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Authors and Authoresses!

Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

Bright Sayings of Children

Liberty will pay \$5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

So Formal

Little Florence asked grandmother to help her write her name. Then she asked her to write her own name and grandmother wrote Safronia. Florence asked her to spell it.

"Is that your name?" asked Florence, and grandmother said, "Yes."

"And to think I've been calling you 'grandma' all this time!"—Mrs. A. D. Tingle, Bedford, Ky.

Made a Christian

Buddie was punished by his mother for playing with a little boy whom she thought bad company for him. One day she saw him talking to the forbidden companion and asked why he had disobeyed. "Oh, but he's good now!" exclaimed Buddie. "I scratched his face and socked him on the nose. He's all right now."—E. Carruthers, 25 E. Tenth St., New York, N. Y.

Just an Old, Old Story

A "Short Short"

(Reading time: 3 min. 36 sec.)

SARA BROWN was a widow; and she was old. Full well she realized both these facts, especially the latter. Of late her mind had been a dismal one-track affair, cynical, melancholy, dwelling for some strange reason on that single word old.

With a grimly determined look upon her face, she pressed the button with her gnarled, shaky forefinger, and the street car stopped at the corner. She alighted. Her eye noted the rows of weather-beaten houses and stores, the rickety fences. "Yes," she mused, "everything's old. There's nothing new. Nothing hopeful or—or worth while." She walked slowly and painfully; her rheumatism was very, very bad. Near the end of the block she glanced up, and an odd, leering smile spread over her face. "Humph," she said half aloud, as she stopped and read the sign on a second-hand store. "Humph! 'Old clothes bought and sold.' Yes, to be sure! *Old*—everything's old, useless! So'm I."

She turned into the drug store at the corner. Was she right? she asked herself. Certainly. The world would be better off. And Myrtle would never know the truth.

And even this had an *old* twist about it. Why, of course! She'd often bought it before—to paint scratches and hurts when Myrtle and Tom were tots. How long ago that seemed! . . . Poor Tom, dead six weeks now. . . . "Well, if it was right for him to die so young, it's surely not wrong for anyone as sick and weary and *old* as I am. *Old*—old . . ."

She took the bottle the clerk had wrapped. It didn't seem any different to buy it for this purpose than for any other. Around the corner and down the street, three long blocks, holding the small package tightly, almost lovingly. Then laboriously up two flights and along a narrow hall to a small, rear bedroom.

"It's good I planned it all out so well," she thought. "Being found dead in a boarding house isn't anything new, either. No, just more *old* stuff. That's all."

The grief-disturbed brain pictured various experiences of the past: her marriage, rather late in life; her husband Joe's sudden death when Myrtle was five and Tom three; the eternal struggle to raise, clothe, educate them. . . . Things a trifle easier when both children were grown and employed and bringing home enough for her to scrape out rent, food, clothes. Then her face clouded as she visioned just two years ago, when Myrtle had



By

JULIETTE KAY

who lives in Baltimore, has written plays and acted them, and now devotes herself chiefly to reading character from handwriting. Her real name is Jewel Samelson Kronenberg.

suddenly met and fallen deeply in love with Ned from Seattle; and had married him and gone so far away. From coast to coast! *Much* too far away. Visits impossible. Letters from her, only letters. . . . Tom struggling so hard to carry what both he and Myrtle had done

jointly. And then hard times, his being laid off, the ceaseless search for work, illness, pneumonia. The battle lost! Myrtle's wire that she could not come. The funeral. And all the meager savings gone. . . .

She unwrapped the bottle. Yes. There were the words in large red letters: POISON.

"I'll put on my black dress." Ironically. "Even it is really shabby and *old*, though. *Old*!"

Her trembling hands found pencil and a scrap of paper. She scrawled out:

Please notify my daughter, Mrs. Ned Maybill, 812 Manitobe Street, Seattle, Washington. Telegraph her it was an accident. Be sure to say accident. In the blue box in the top dresser drawer is \$65 I saved out of my wages. Use it for burial. Don't tell her I've been working. She thinks Tom left me all right. And don't—

A knock at the door startled her. She'd be quiet. They'd think she was out. Another knock. Another. Then a yellow envelope shoved under the door and the sound of retreating footsteps.

A telegram! God! If something had happened to Myrtle—way out there—

Her heart thumped as she staggered over and picked up the envelope. She ripped it open with frenzied fear. It was a long message, a day letter:

A BRAND NEW BABY GIRL BORN TODAY MYRTLE AND LITTLE ONE BOTH FINE NAMING HER AFTER YOU WIRING FUNDS FOR TRAIN FARE WE WANT HER GRANDMOTHER TO COME LIVE WITH US AND HELP RAISE THE LITTLE NAMESAKE MYRTLE WANTED THIS JOY TO BE COMPLETE SURPRISE TO YOU LOVE
NED

"New! Brand-new! . . . God!"

Something in the muddled brain was reached and righted. She sank to the floor, holding the telegram to her breast like an infant, and rocked her body gently. Tears flowed, bringing relief.

"I'll take the bottle with me; when she's bigger I can paint scratches and bruises."

She was smiling now through the tears.

THE END





Vox

An' Why Wouldn't You?

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—Sno use fellers, we're jest wastin stamps sendin our short short stories to this speshul magazine.

Less you've been cross the oshun, wreckt a few airplanes, sunk a cupple uv subs, spent ten years in the jungles,



wuz shipwreckt on a cannibul ilan an wuz editer uv a dozen papers an magazines then maybe they'd look you over, otherwise you get the raspberry—an how!—A. A. N.

Aw, We Asked First

AMBLER, PA.—I have read with great interest Miss Grace Robinson's articles on the "amateur competition." The only comment I care to make is, that she doesn't know the half of it.

Now I have just finished reading her latest article, "How Many Homes Did It Wreck?" That article had a subtitle, "Woman's Suffrage Is Now Ten Years Old—What About It?" All right, Miss Robinson—what about it? I'll bite.

It needs a very ordinary intelligence, like mine f'rinstance, to see that the Nineteenth Amendment is directly responsible for the conditions written about in "The Amateur Competition." That is perhaps the chief accomplishment of ten years of suffrage. But don't get discouraged. There are others.

F'rinstance, women have increased the consumption of cigarettes to such an extent that the tobacco companies are hard put to it to dispose of their surplus profits.

They have developed such a liking for liquor that the poor bootlegger is being overworked, and are largely to blame for the lamentable failure of "prohibition."

Always unmoral and lawless, they are rapidly dragging the nation down to their own low level.

Women in politics have done these things, and more. Their accomplishments (?) in business and industry have had just as dire results. Never creators, but poor imitators, their influence has been of the negative, dragging type,

rather than the positive leadership type we were led to expect.

Yes, we have had ten years of suffrage and suffering. Again I ask, what about it?—H. M. D.

Those Newspaper Women Again

TULSA, OKLA.—What a nifty bunch of newspaper broads Grace Robinson picked to verify her slimy calumnies of America's young daughters in "The Amateur Competition." They must write from personal experiences, as well as observation, judging from the matter of fact way the young ladies (?) handle the subject of "premarital sex relationships."

Let our girls alone. They are finding life a hard enough road to travel without being classed as competitors to prostitutes by gabby newspaper women.—Harry Larsen.

Latest Reports on the Situation in Phoenix

SHREVEPORT, LA.—Just a line to let you know that after reading the article, "In Conclusion—The Amateur Competition," in the August 23 issue of Liberty—in particular Miss Nida Martin's article about Phoenix, Arizona—twenty-five or thirty of the young bloods here in the city have left on a special trip to Phoenix.—John C. Allen; H. You-man.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Had occasion the other day to be at the Southern Pacific station, and noticed an influx of young men, and, yes, old men, rushing to catch the Phoenix flyer.

On stopping a young man to ask about the rush to Phoenix, he shouted, "Read this week's Liberty, page sixty-one—Nida Martin on 'Amateur Competition.'"

Well, I missed that train, but caught the next. I thought I had been doing pretty well in Hollywood, but if Nida is right—"He he."

PHOENIX, ARIZ.—Nida Martin's article has done us one irreparable harm, because it has always been difficult enough to get our wives to leave for the summer. In fact, one of our friends had to secretly fire up the furnace three consecutive mornings to get his wife to leave for the seashore.

In this you have taken from us that which enriches you not at all and leaves us very poor indeed.—How Handy.

PHOENIX, ARIZ.—Here am I, a purchaser of Liberty for weeks and weeks, but had to go without, last week, just because you print something to arouse the curiosity of the people in our fair city. It was that one by Nida Martin. A quick

sell-out followed. Even the Liberty boy didn't get around.

I was reading three continued stories, too—including articles.—Bill Otwell.

A Perfectly Swell Idea, We Call It

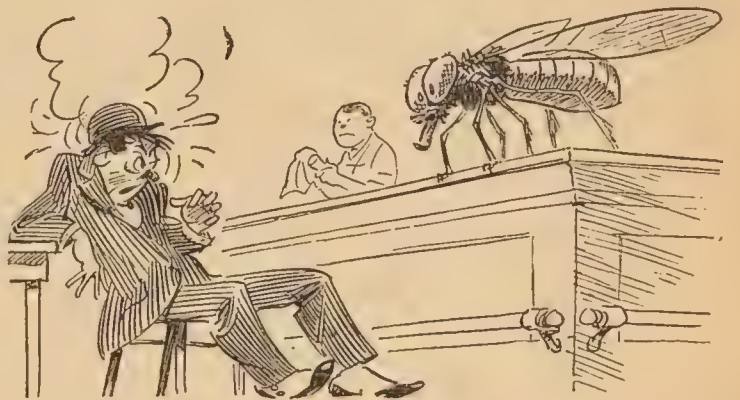
NEW YORK, N. Y.—We don't think it's fair! Why should men have all the advantages? Why can't we "Join the Navy and See the World"? We demand a navy for girls!

Men, damn 'em, can see the world on a beautiful battleship, and get paid for it, while women, boo hoo, have to pay and pay heavy for a little six-day trip to Europe, and if they haven't the money, they stay "Home, Sweet Home." Baloney! (the sweet, not the home). "It's the woman who pays," yeah, and how!

We want a navy for girls, we demand it in justice, in fair play, and in the name of the law! Our motto, our aim, is: "A Navy for Girls!" Won't you put that in your platform? Please! We want to "Join the Navy and See the World"!—The Sailorettes.

Not So Good, but the Artist Needed Something to Illustrate

CHICAGO, ILL.—Say! The tallest tale I've read in years was in your article,



"Speed," by George Trevor. Just get a load of this: "The South American deer fly, an amazingly delicate yet powerful insect, has been timed at 815 miles an hour by Brazilian naturalists."

Oh, yeah? Well, I'm a naturalist myself, and can do better than that. The last time I was at a speakeasy I drank a pint of uncut Canadian rye, and then finished off with some absinthe. And what should I see, sitting on the bar, but a South Mesopotamian swunk fly! It got confidential and told me it could fly at 1,500 miles an hour, in first, and that it was on its way to those Brazilian naturalists.

Come to think of it, maybe it was a bar fly.—A Naturalist.

There Might Be a Couple of Others

TONAWANDA, N. Y.—We're living in a modern world and as long as we want modern things we want Liberty, because it is the one modern magazine published today.—Fred Heilbran.

Pop

An Author Talks Back

NEW YORK, N. Y.—How discouraging! Just as I was thinking that I'd given German waiters a mighty good break in my story "Nach Paris!" along comes a Vox Popping Teutonic tip-taker and sticks both his thumbs into the soup.

My authorities and sources of information for the points which he questioned are: An ex-officer of the German army; the Encyclopedia Britannica; an actual Uhlan helmet, vintage of 1914; various books about the World War and the Franco-Prussian War by Vizetelly, Graves, Zola, Sarcey, Guedalla, Gibbons, Gibbs, and others.

Probably I should have consulted Oscar of the Waldorf, and Mrs. Rohrer's Cook Book.

Whether or not a waiter is a servant is a matter of opinion. I've heard them called lots of things. And as for birth control not having been practiced in Germany thirty-five years ago—well, I know of Germans who were practicing it before that and still haven't learned how.

Check, please!—*Guy Gilpatric.*

Idea

LOUISVILLE, KY.—Each Friday night I resolve myself into a school teacher and we play a game something like a spelling match. With a fresh Liberty before me, I line up the entire family, including grandma.

Then I proceed to give out the Twenty Questions and the member of the family



at the head of the line after my interrogatory barrage gets the prize.

It makes an interesting contest. Try it, Vox Poppers.—*Lee Hamilton.*

Chuckles, Sneers, Hoots, and That Little Brat, Ulysses

HANOVER, PA.—As an example of the "genius" of this Thrasher fellow. . . . That little brat, Ulysses, was shown, three weeks ago, running away from his "firm-chinned, with a man-about-the-town air" father. (Chuckles, sneers, and hoots from the gallery.)

He was dressed in some kind of rumpers with red pants and a suspender ef-

fect for the top. The following week he was shown, I judge, about an hour later. At that time he was dressed in orange pants (with buttons), had on a shirt, and wore a red bandanna round his neck.

Then, today, when your magazine came out, I discovered that he was dressed entirely different again with brown pants and a blue shirt.

I suppose the artist had made special arrangements beforehand to have little U. change his clothes in the woods.

It must have been that way because I didn't see him carrying a suitcase along with him . . . and, according to the story, he most certainly didn't go back to camp to make the changes.—*A Pennsylvania Dutchman.*

"Balloons"

RICE LAKE, WIS.—The S in the title of your short short story, "Balloons," by Dorothy Aldis, should have been changed to a Y.—*Otto Rindlisbacher.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I'll keep on buying your magazine if only because you had the sense of humor to print Dorothy Aldis' short short story, "Balloons."

Dig up some more stories that may be read for the way they're written, rather than for a surprise (?) ending that anybody guesses in the middle of the first sentence.—*George Dillon.*

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—A word to the wise. Tell Dorothy Aldis to watch the short short story editor. I think the man has designs on her.

If he paid her a century for "Balloons," I know he has.

You have to watch men like that, Dorothy.—*Miss Discouraged.*

MANCHESTER, N. H.—Please let the public know that the Dorothy Aldis who wrote "Balloons" is not the one of Elm St., Manchester, N. H.

Many thanks.—*Dorothy Aldis.*

Now Earl, Fred Didn't Mean a Bit of Harm

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Although I personally feel that the slanderous letter recently written to Liberty by one Fred Bukey, no doubt a reputable, 100 per cent upstanding American, is beneath criticism, I cannot but help remark concerning it.

To an English visitor, now on a tour of your country, who happens to have the honor of a title, the venom contained in the estimable Mr. Bukey's opinion concerning the laziness of "dukes, earls, counts, etc.," certainly tingles an otherwise pleasant visit with disgust.

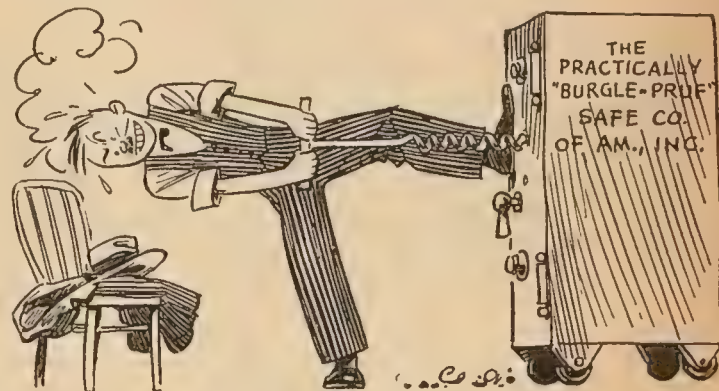
I am indeed sorry that Americans

think so ill of us. I assure you that, in my humble way, I shall most certainly prevent my fellow countrymen from annoying you in the future.—*Earl of Cuthington, North Wales.*

Slightly Sardonic Comment on the "Heist Guy" Pieces

CHICAGO, ILL.—Liberty is like a patent medicine, and I am moved to write a testimonial!

For months I had suffered with a



severe case of unemployment. My friends looked on me with pity and offered suggestions and advice, all of which failed to alter my condition. My nerves as well as my clothing were becoming frayed, my feet were covered with blisters, and I was losing all interest in life.

My creditors were becoming impatient—and so was my wife.

Then Liberty offered a solution. Through the "Heist Guy" pieces in this wonderful magazine I learned that no one need remain in my condition. I was told in exact detail how to open the strongest safe quickly and deftly; how to "lift" the most expensive cars from the streets; how and when to "stick up" the strongest banks.

Now, thanks to Liberty, I have a beautiful apartment on Lake Shore Drive, I have regained the affection of my wife, my wardrobe would do credit to the Prince of Wales.

And those who once threatened to sue me for unpaid bills now solicit my patronage. I cannot praise Liberty enough!—*A Schurer.*

BLACKFOOT, IDAHO—Those articles by Roy Chadwick are the real dope but why in hell don't he tell about those babys taking a shot of snow before pulling off a bank job?

It don't take a game bird to pull off that stuff when he is full of happy dust.

Show me a hustler who don't hit the coke before he goes on a job and I will show you a liar.—*F. A. G., a prison guard.*

Wise Crack for the Week

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Every Friday I go fishing for crabs. Why? The Lord knows. Where? In Vox Pop.—*Barry.*

Sly Puss!

The Story of a Runaway Lady

By

LAWRENCE
SAUNDERS



who is really a couple of other fellows—man and wife. They worked on Texas newspapers for ten years before migrating to New York and making up this nom de plume, which consists of their mothers' maiden names.

Pictures by HERBERT MORTON STOOPS

(Reading time: 34 minutes 27 seconds.)

THE broad shoulders in the heather tweeds leaned across the round shoulders of the fattish man at the desk to filch a cigarette.

The city editor twisted his bald head so that a dirty look would clear his green eye shade. "Take the package, Sam," he purred, with ironic courtesy. "I'll send the boy out for another."

"You know I wouldn't smoke two of your joss sticks in a row, Joe. I value my health."

Blond and ruddy, the six-footer appeared to be in no peril of losing his health.

"Just for that crack," said Joe Bangs, "you can write me an animal story. I've got a want ad here"—he thumbed through a sheaf of clippings—"about a lost cat. Where in hell . . . ?"

"Ah, the one about Pretty Pussy Stays Out All Night; Wee Tot Frantic?"

"No, this is something new. . . . Here it is."

There it was, in the Lost and Found column:

LOST: Black and white tomcat; short hair; black saddle and white bib; regularly spaced black bracelets; four white feet; spectacle markings around eyes. Answers to Kitty Singe. My sole means of support. Reward. M. Pendergrass, 99½ Perry St.

"Wednesday is not my best day for cat stories, Joe. What else have you?"

"You put on your Bond Street hat and go up and see how a cat can support somebody named Pendergrass. If you get much lazier you'll be wantin' one to support you."

"Oh, all right. It'll turn out to be an old coot that not even a tomcat can live with."

"And get back by three," the city editor added. "Maybe something'll break."

At the cigar stand in the lobby, the highest paid reporter on the staff explored his expensively misfit tweeds and brought out three crumpled dollar bills and some silver.

"Charge these, Sarah," he instructed, picking up two boxes of cigarettes.

"Sixty cents to you, Mr. Anderson," said the over-stuffed siren behind the show case. "Thirty cents apiece



"He don't like," said Tony. "Wait, I drop him on the floor."

to the public, but two for sixty for an old customer."

"You touch me deeply, Sarah," said Sam Anderson gravely. He considered his cash. "Here it is the day before pay day and I find myself with nearly four dollars. Can you explain this oversight?"

"It's old age creeping on, Mr. Anderson. You're slowing up."

"You're a woman of rare discernment, Sarah. I'll be twenty-eight in two weeks. I owe the tailor a hundred and twenty-five for the spring overcoat," Mr. Anderson pursued gloomily. "Tomorrow I press fifty dollars upon him and walk out with the coat. He can wait. Tailors have always waited for gentlemen."

"Don't I know it? The bills they owe papa! Men you'd think would pay cash."

"Only the lower classes pay cash, Sarah. You're a socialist at heart." Mr. Anderson sauntered out and got into a taxi. You couldn't smoke in the subway.

It was, he reflected as he rode uptown, downright depressing to earn one hundred and fifty dollars a week, after seven years in the newspaper racket, and be broke or in debt every pay day. This year he had had to bor-



row money to pay his income taxes, federal and state. That was the worst of the newspaper business: you associated with the great and the near-great and the underworld; all of them had more money than you, but you spent yours in the same lordly way. And for what? You couldn't remember.

Seventy cents on the meter. He paid off a deferential taxi driver with a dollar bill.

ACCORDING to the bell card, a Margaret Pendergrass lived on the fourth floor, rear. He poked the button. The latch release began clicking. He mounted the stairs two steps at a stride, slowing on the third flight.

"Yes? What is it?"

A husky, warm voice. Sam peered up through the balustrade.

"I'm looking for a Miss Pendergrass, who lost a cat," he explained, with a sorry-to-trouble-you air.

"Oh, you've found him!"

"No, I haven't," said Sam. Her voice made him wish he had. She was standing in the half-open door. Her short green smock revealed highly civilized legs, at least.

"Do you know anything about him? Has he been hurt?"

She seemed to take it personally.

"I'm sorry," Sam soothed her in his best professional manner. "I don't know where the cat is, but maybe I can help you find him." He mounted the last three steps and halted, gazing at her.

"How?"

"I'm from the Morning Universe," he began absently, and forgot to go on with the explanation. He was making notes: Slender in the right

places, curved in the right places. Black hair, done up in the back; blue lights in it. Green eyes, blazing at him. Dark skin, almost olive. A characterful face that reminded him of someone—he didn't know whom. Delicious, contradictory mouth, with a bee-stung lower lip. Smock too short to cover her knees. And why cover her knees?

"I suppose that makes you an expert at finding cats." "Just a trace of vinegar in the husky sweetness.

Butterscotch tone. Good phrase. Remember that.

"We practically never fail," Sam countered, not too earnestly. "The desk is balmy about animal stories. And if anyone found your cat, the chances are that he'd read the Universe and bring it back. So I'm up here to write a piece about it."

"That sounds fine, but don't they read the Lost and Found advertisements? I've advertised in two papers for two days, and you're the first person even to ask about him. But I reckon you *would* read your own paper."

"You'd be surprised how rarely, Miss Pendergrass. Is there any reason why I shouldn't come in and talk to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-ONE]

you for a few minutes? I don't like to keep you standing here."

She stepped aside, opening the door wide. She was blushing. A girl who blushed—one for Ripley's book!

"I'm so sorry. I'm forgetting all my manners, living by myself," she apologized. "And I'm just frantic about Kitty Singe. He's a Charleston cat, and what he'll do in this terrible town . . ."

She left the door ajar, crossed to the window, and let the shade fly up.

"I was lying down," she apologized, with a glance at the tousled green denim cover of the studio bed. "I had worried and cried until I had a splitting headache."

"What you need," Sam advised stoutly, "is a good stiff drink."

"Do you know, if I had some liquor, I'd be tempted to drink it."

Sam scrutinized her. Was she kidding him? A smart-looking piece like this one; an artist—drawing board, pencils, charcoal, bottles of fixative on the table by the window—in this year of Prohibition the Tenth, talking about taking a drink as though it were her first noble experiment.

SHOULD he volunteer to buy her a drink? No. Better not with only three dollars. Sam sat down.

"I believe you said your cat was a Charleston cat? Do you mean he dances?"

The eyes were like mint julep now—frosty.

"I mean," said Miss Pendergrass, "that he was brought up in Charleston. We've been in New York just two months."

Sam grinned. The disarming grin didn't fail him, even here. Miss Pendergrass smiled, and sat down on the other chair across the room.

What was that old song? "Tell me, pretty maiden, are there any more at home like you?" She didn't belong in this dump. Besides the broad couch and the two chairs and painted kitchen table, his casual inventory listed a walnut chest of drawers with a marble top, two threadbare green rugs, an oval mirror in an old walnut frame, a door that might lead into a clothes closet, another that might lead into a bathroom, and a screen, hiding some-

thing in the far rear corner of the rather ample room; that would be the gas plate and the kitchen things. Forty dollars a month, in this neighborhood.

He awarded the screen a second look. On a background of silver paint, framed in narrow black molding, were the charcoaled adventures of a black and white kitten, dancing, tumbling, chasing a ball, contemplating solemnly the tip of its tail, climbing a tiny tree, spitting dauntlessly at a menace off the screen, curled in a soft cocoon of slumber, stretched out, gazing upward in lazy wonder at some entrancing bird flying above.

"IS that your cat?" Sam's tone was most respectful.

The girl nodded.

"The screen is your work?"

"Yes, of course."

"Perfectly swell, if you don't mind my saying so."

"I'm looking for a Miss Pendergrass, who lost a cat," he explained.

She was blushing again.

"When did you lose the kitten? Oh, yes, you told me: three days ago. But how?"

"He must have slipped into the hall when I went out. Then he must have scooted out the front door when somebody opened it. I was working and I didn't miss him for a couple of hours; he's always hiding somewhere and going to sleep. I turned this room right upside down before I convinced myself he was gone. Then I went out and looked everywhere in the neighborhood and asked people who must have thought I was crazy. But he's the only family I've got left, and I can't imagine living without him."

"That is tough luck. Is he still just a kitten?"

"No, he's more than a year old now."

"What did you say his name was?"

"Don't talk about him as though he were dead, please!"

"Oh, I'm sure he's all right." If she wept, he'd bolt. Or would he?

"His name is Kitty Singe, which is short for Christopher St. John. He's named after Christopher Robin and St. John Ervine, his two uncles."

"Uncles?"

"They were his mother's little brothers. Their father was from Virginia. He was quite the most genteel cat in Charleston."

Slightly cracked on cats, like my old man, Sam thought. She must be twenty, but she has the sophistication of a child of twelve. (Sam, in fact, knew two charming children of twelve old enough to be this girl's grandparents.) Well, she might lead her cloistered southern life in New York, but she shouldn't expect a healthy male cat to be content with sweetness and light and one room—this room—up four flights, for art's sake.

"Miss Pendergrass, I'm afraid a cat will be a cat," Sam consoled. "He was a normal tomcat, I suppose, and he wanted a night out. But the problem now is to get him back. What did you mean when you said in the ad that he was your sole means of support?"

The blush came creeping up again.

"That was such a naïve thing to do, to take the whole city into my confidence. But I was desperate to get him back, and I thought that would make people see it was

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-FOUR]



Brunswick finds LIBERTY the IDEAL Magazine in which to Advertise BILLIARDS ... the IDEAL Game

The principal purpose of Brunswick advertising is to promote and popularize the game of billiards. It is therefore only natural that Brunswick should choose Liberty as a principal advertising medium. For like billiards, the appeal of Liberty is universal, breaking down the barriers of age, sex and income.

MR. J. F. ROSENBERG, Vice President
of the
BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.
says:—

"We advertise the game of Billiards in Liberty because the appeal of Billiards and Liberty is universal, and because the circulation of Liberty represents a large segment of that strata of American life which responds to the appeal for proper recreation and has the means to do so."

(SIGNED)

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "J. F. Rosenberg".

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-
COLLENDER COMPANY



He found himself sprawling upon all fours. That undignified position brought him face to face with another cat chaser.

SLY PUSS
[Continued from page fifty-two]

important, and not just another lost cat." She smiled from under long, black lashes. No mascara. No need for it.

"But you haven't answered my question," Sam pursued.

"Why, he's my model. I draw him, sometimes alone, sometimes with babies and children, and sell the sketches—I mean I can sometimes sell the sketches—to stores and advertising agencies to use in ads. I had just got to where I was making almost enough to live on, when he—well, I suppose he walked out on me. And he was such a grand model! I've been drawing him since he was a kitten, and he had learned to stay put in a pose. It isn't easy to train a cat; they have more sense than dogs and won't be bullied or coaxed into doing anything they don't want to do. The cat is the most independent and self-sufficient creature alive, my mother used to say."

"Is your mother here with you?" Sam ventured.

She shook her head, negatively. "My mother is dead. So is my father."

"My name," Sam volunteered, "is Samuel Adams Anderson; kennel name, Sam. The native heath is Brackenridge, Pennsylvania, and I have been in New York seven years, ever since I got out of Sheff., where I was supposed to be an engineer. My father has a cat in his office, and usually about four at home. You would like

him." He rose. "I prefer dogs, myself, but I won't keep one in New York. Well, Miss Pendergrass, I'll be scuffing along. But can't I come back and hold a council of war with you if this story doesn't bring back the cat? Or even if it does?"

"Certainly you may. But please don't put any of my personal history in the paper, Mr. Anderson."

"You just leave it to my discretion, sweet lady. We want to get the cat back, don't we? We must make the story interesting, so people will read it, remember it, and talk about it. I may have to take some liberties with the facts, but you'll understand that. And now, good day; thank you—and I'm coming back to see you and the cat."

SHE gave him a long-fingered, cool hand, charged with an electric thrill that lasted all the way to the subway entrance. He hadn't met a woman who disturbed him so since—but why bring that up?

The story didn't write itself easily. Sam's brain suggested clever things to say; his heart, or his unwonted interest in a lovely lady in distress, rejected them. He chuckled aloud over one apt phrase, read it again, noted that its humor might cut two ways, typed a row of x's through it, tried again. He was writing the last of what, he feared, must be a pretty soppy piece of copy when he heard Joe Bangs bawling out his name across the city room.

He ended it: "If Christopher St. John is a true

southern gentleman, worthy of the Charleston tradition of gallantry, he will come back to his mistress as soon as he spies this paper in whatever ash can he may be prowling this morning. A gentleman who is a lady's sole means of support simply must carry on, whatever bright eyes beckon from the sidewalks of New York."

He read the final paragraph hurriedly. The last sentence, somehow, was not right. Actually, although he had not realized it, he had been writing the story as though Margaret Pendergrass were leaning over his shoulder, firm, soft, warm, cool, faintly scented with lavender, critically eying each phrase. She wouldn't like that last sentence; it was clever, but it wasn't in the Charleston tradition. He crossed it out with the stub of a pencil, picked up the two sheets of copy, and made for the city desk.

"What's that?" The city editor took it out of his hand. "Oh, the cat story. All right, Sam. Get over to City Hall and see what the administration has got to say about this. The Sun's put over a fast one about the mess up in Queens." He thrust a clipping at Sam, who lingered.

"About that cat story, Joe. It's a good yarn, but I don't think I did so well with it."

"Yeah, all right." Bangs tossed the two sheets across the desk to a rewrite man. "Fix this up, Alec," he ordered.

SAM left reluctantly. Of all men on the desk to handle that delicate story, Alec Wrenn would have been the last one he would have picked. "Smart Alec" was his nickname.

Sam was still chewing the cud of his wrath as he hurried across City Hall Park through the fading afternoon. A brass-bound cynic, Wrenn. Some woman had bit him and gangrene had set in.

The City Hall assignment involved pursuing certain dignitaries up to a political dinner at a Broadway hotel which lasted past midnight. At a quarter of one he arrived at his bachelor apartment in West Twelfth Street with a midnight edition of the Universe, bought at the subway exit. Hat and coat off, glass in hand, he sat down in his easiest armchair to read the works of his favorite author. On the first page of the second news section, where his zoological fiction customarily appeared, he found the story, under this somewhat amazing head:

CHARLESTON CAT GOES OUT TO PLAY AND TAKES THE DAILY BREAD AWAY

As Sam read the crafty composition that had once been his genteel tale of the cultured cat and the lovely lady who lived in a garret for art's sake, he was seized with an urge to annihilate Alec. But Wrenn would have gone home by now to whatever back-street hotel he inhabited.

He would at least have that story
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

He won't even run for the 8:15 ... yet he has "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

HIS Doctor told him to "go slow" and he has followed that advice so earnestly that it would take a convulsion of Nature to move him faster than an amiable amble.

Notwithstanding which, he has an active attack of the ringworm infection generally called "Athlete's Foot"!*.

Nor does he know what it is.

He's aware, of course, of a constantly present and unnatural moisture between his little toes—unpleasantly and *uneasily* aware of it... *increasingly* so, as the days go by—

Yet he's as ignorant of its cause as are the millions of other Americans who suffer from the "Athlete's Foot" infection.

**Many Symptoms for the Same Disease—So Easily Tracked into the Home*

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways,* but it is now generally agreed that the germ, *tinea trichophyton*, is back of them all. It lurks where you would least expect it—in the very places where people go for health and recreation and cleanliness. In spite of modern sanitation, the germ abounds on locker- and dressing-room floors—on the edges of swimming pools and showers—in gymnasiums—around bathing beaches and bath-houses—even on hotel bath-mats.

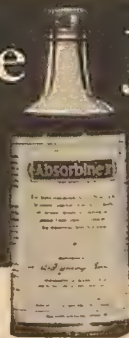
And from all these places it has been tracked into countless homes until today this ringworm infection is simply *everywhere*. The United States Public Health Service finds "*It is probable that at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time.*" And authorities say that half the boys in high school are

*WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist, or it may develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your physician without delay.

Absorbine Jr.

FOR YEARS HAS RELIEVED
SORE MUSCLES, MUSCULAR
ACHES, BRUISES, BURNS,
CUTS, SPRAINS, ABRASIONS.



affected. There can be no doubt that the tiny germ, *tinea trichophyton*, has made itself a nuisance in America.

It Has Been Found That Absorbine Jr. Kills This Ringworm Germ

Now, a series of exhaustive laboratory tests with the antiseptic Absorbine Jr. has proved that Absorbine Jr. penetrates deeply into flesh-like tissues, and that wherever it penetrates it *kills* the ringworm germ.

It might not be a bad idea to examine your feet tonight for distress signals* that announce the beginning of "Athlete's Foot." *Don't be fooled by mild symptoms.* Don't let the disease become entrenched, for it is *persistent*. The person who is seriously afflicted with it today may have had these same mild symptoms like yours only a very short time ago.

Watch out for redness, particularly between the smaller toes, with itching—or a moist, thick skin condition—or, again, a dryness with scales.

Read the symptoms printed at the left very carefully. At the first sign of *any one* of these distress signals* begin the free use of Absorbine Jr. on the affected areas—douse it on morning and night *and after every exposure of your bare feet to any damp or wet floors, even in your own bathroom.*

Absorbine Jr. is so widely known and used that you can get it at all drug stores. Price \$1.25. For free sample write W. F. YOUNG, INC., 330 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

[SLY PUSS
Continued from page fifty-five]

killed out of the remaining editions. Then maybe she wouldn't see it.

He called the night desk and made it plain that he would take it as a personal affront if the cat yarn were not killed out at once. He had an uneasy suspicion that the night city editor thought he was drunk and was humoring him; also that he had made himself ridiculous. On both points he was right.

At twelve minutes past one o'clock of the following afternoon, a bright spring Thursday, going downtown on a nickel borrowed from the newsstand boy at the corner, a spruce young Mr. Anderson, now clad in freshly pressed blue serge, with a blue-edged kerchief peeping from the breast pocket, read the last edition of the Universe with more care than concentration.

The cat story was still in.

He had to admit it was clever. Alec didn't poke outright fun at Margaret Pendergrass. He called her M. Pendergrass all the way through; a cheap trick, Sam thought, to make it funnier. The story was gay, if not good-humored. It left the reader with the feeling that a southern girl, who took herself and her art a bit too seriously, had contrived a clever way of getting her name and business in the papers. To an actress, Sam reflected, such a yarn would have been duck soup. But to a Charleston girl, a gentlewoman born, it would appear the acme of bad taste and the utmost in unchivalrous jest.

There was blue murder in his Scandinavian eyes as he confronted Joe Bangs, hurrying out of the managing editor's office.

"Wait a minute, Joe. What the hell was Alec's idea, making a monkey out of me in that cat story?"

The city editor closed one eye and studied Mr. Anderson's facial expression.

"You're old enough, Sam, to stand for rewriting without acting like a cub with a downtrodden ego. Alec's story made yours look like two cents, and you know it."

"Exactly," said Sam doggedly; "but that's not what I mean. Dammit, Joe, that girl is a lady. None of your phony southern dames. I wrote my story with gloves on. So would you if you had talked to her. I knew it wasn't right and told you so, but, hell, I didn't mean for you to make me look like a wise-cracking clown. How will I ever explain it to her?"

"SO you have to explain it to her?" Joe purred. "Listen, boy. If I had printed what you wrote I might as well have headed it Our Daily True Romance. She hit you a terrible sock. I saved your copy. You can use it for a love letter, but not in my paper. If you want it, it's under the time-copy basket on my desk. Now go cool off and be your age."

Bangs started toward the desk, but halted, grinning.

"If you're expecting to take it out on Alec," he added, "you'll have to wait until tomorrow. This is his day off."

Some minutes later, when Mr. Anderson had resumed his normal air of mild boredom, he stopped by the city desk to make his peace with Joe.

"Did you read it?" Bangs demanded.

"No." Sam grinned sheepishly. "But I want to take it along when I try to square myself with her." He fished out the copy from under the wire basket.

"I thought you were dame-proof," Bangs taxed him wearily. "Better be sure the cat likes you before you

move in. There's a couple of assignments in your typewriter. Then I think as a matter of discipline I'll send you up to see whether the cat came back."

At twenty minutes past six o'clock of that mild April evening, Sam, walking forcibly west on the other side of Perry Street, observed a young woman in a light tweed coat sitting on the topmost step at Number 99½, watching a game of baseball between international teams in the street. Sam crossed as though he were plunging waist-deep into an icy Rubicon.

"Look out the way, you big bum!" admonished the granddaughter of Italy who was about to pitch the ball.

The child, Sam thought, had a certain gift for choosing the right word. At the moment, in his own eyes, that was exactly his status. It was, as he had feared, approximately his status in the cool green eyes of Miss Margaret Pendergrass, regarding him as he halted at the foot of the steps. Sam prepared to take it on the chin.

"I CAME up," he said, in a far-away voice, "to explain to you, Miss Pendergrass, that I was not responsible for what appeared in the paper this morning. As a matter of fact—"

She shut him off as though he were a radio loud-speaker. "You needn't apologize, Mr. Anderson. I know that you have to write what your editor wants to print. I was angry and hurt this morning when I read it, but it doesn't matter in the least. What does matter is that it hasn't brought my kitten back."

"If you please, Miss Pendergrass," Sam resumed doggedly, "you are doing me an injustice by not allowing me to explain. I wrote

a story, which I have here in my pocket. I wasn't satisfied with it, but I was sent out on a rush assignment before I could do it over. It wasn't until one o'clock this morning that I had a chance to read in the paper what had been rewritten from my story. I telephoned the office to get it killed—that is, taken out of the paper—but I couldn't make myself clear to the night editor and he left it in."

"And all of the readers of the Universe read it," supplied Miss Pendergrass, dangerously calm. "And half of them came up here to ask me fool questions and bring me stray cats that were every color of the rainbow and every age and sort. I got tired of having freaks and riffraff come upstairs, so I've spent the afternoon on these steps."

She halted, swallowed, and went on, her eyes flashing:

"Why, Mr. Anderson, people came here just to look at me, as though I were a circus freak."

"Why didn't you quit answering the bell, or go somewhere and stay away?" demanded Sam.

"And have somebody bring back Kitty Singe and find me not at home?"

"To be sure," Sam apologized. "That was a bright question." A silence. Male instinct came to his rescue.

"Look here, have you had anything to eat?"

"You are about the twentieth person who has asked that. I am not destitute, thank you."

Sam's face showed his inner misery. "I didn't mean that, of course. What I mean is have you taken time to eat today?"

The girl's tone softened.

"I'm sorry. I'm in a beastly temper."

"Well, I got you into this mess," Sam announced, "and I'm getting you out of it. Will you take time out to go somewhere with me for a bite of supper?"



"I've been drawing him since he was a kitten, and he had learned to stay put in a pose."

"You're very kind." She was studying him. "I'd really like to say yes, but what if somebody should bring back my cat?"

"There must be a janitor?"

"Yes, only you call him the superintendent. He lives next door, downstairs. Mr. Riley."

The small girl who answered the Rileys' bell fetched her father.

"I've caught a few glimpses of the animal," Mr. Riley volunteered, "and I can tell the cats that's not him anyway. Take yer time about yer supper, sor, and I'll wait up fer ye." Money changed hands.

"The superintendent is watching until we get back," Sam reported. "He says he would know your cat. Now, you go upstairs and put on your hat. Don't change your dress. The place where we'll eat is one of the best, but it's not fashionable. There's sawdust on the floor and charming gunmen all over the place who eat with their hats on."

"Where is this?" She was rising obediently.

"It's not far from here, but it might as well be in the back streets of Naples."

"Is it a speakeasy?"

"Roughly speaking, yes."

She dimpled. "I've never been in a speakeasy, and I didn't know anyone to take me. I suppose I'm quite safe with you—I mean since you're a newspaper man?"

"Quite safe," Sam assured her gravely. "We have great influence with the police and the underworld—we do meet so many interesting people."

"I'm sure you must," she replied politely. "I'll only be a minute."

SAM regarded the street benignly, his hands in the pockets of the spring topcoat for which De Lucca had been bluffed into accepting only twenty-five dollars down.

She was so appealing—that was it. An only child, used to a sheltered life, left an orphan, and not satisfied to stay in Charleston, take charity from relatives and friends, marry some smug citizen for a home; he could reconstruct her whole history. A game kid to come to New York with a few hundred dollars—probably less than that—and start peddling pictures in a town full of starving artists! Kept her chin up until her one link with home had been broken by that damned tomcat's running off. She might talk like an Elsie Book, but she was a first edition; rare. Did he have the right to scoff at her being what her mother had reared her to be? A girl like that had character and charm and something more than drug-store beauty. How long would she keep them, living by herself in this town? The only way to keep her sweet and sane was for the right kind of man to find her in time.

Mr. Anderson stood contemplating the evening sky and unselfishly tried to nominate a suitable young man to preserve Miss Pendergrass in her per-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Sound Sleep Instantly When You Go to Bed ...Wide-Awake Days

A Food-Drink—Not a
Drug—That Not Only
Induces Sleep; But The
Kind of Sleep That Brings
All-Day Energy Next Day



YOU fall asleep almost instantly you go to bed. And all the next day teem with new energy and "pep". You look and feel like a different person.

On doctors' advice millions employ this new way. For it is as free of drugs as the bread you eat or the milk you drink. And does far more than simply induce sleep! *It rebuilds your wasted tissues while you sleep.*

What It Is

It is called Ovaltine; a scientific food-concentrate developed in Switzerland by a scientist of world-fame. You take it in a cup of warm milk at bedtime; a super-delicious drink.

First, it induces sleep. You get sound, natural sleep a few minutes after you go to bed.

Then, *while* you sleep, its peculiar dietetic properties re-supply your system with the energy lost the previous, active day. For it contains, in easily digested form, practically EVERY building element necessary to energy. And thus provides the *kind of sleep that rebuilds and rejuvenates.*

You can take it night after night and not only not form a habit, as with drugs, but build up your health as well.

Do you wonder then, that people are flocking to its use? New to America, Oval-

OVALTINE

The Swiss Food-Drink

Manufactured under license in U. S. A.
according to original Swiss formula



tine is being recommended by over 20,000 doctors. Used for 30 years in Europe, its use has spread to over 54 different nations. It marks one of the most important scientific findings of its time.

Try It Tonight

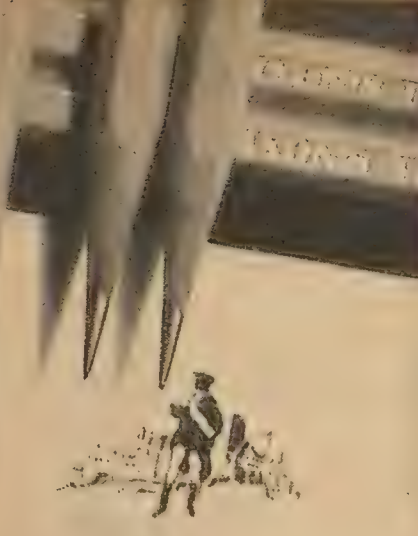
Doctors urge it not only for sleeplessness, but for all nervous and run-down conditions. They recommend it, too, for nervous, under-weight children. Thousands of busy people take it during the day, to relieve fatigue and restore vitality.

A few weeks' use will make an amazing difference in the way you feel.

Believe or not what people claim for Ovaltine—but *try it*. Try it without delay. Start tonight. Just phone your druggist or grocer now—ask for a can of Ovaltine.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Many people have asked us, "Does Ovaltine contain any drugs?" It is such a wonderful "night-cap" they feel it "simply must" contain something in the nature of a drug. In short, it works so well they sometimes "wonder" about it. So we wish to go on record here in public print, that Ovaltine has never at any time contained any sleep-producing drug of any kind whatsoever. It is made entirely from food and nothing but food. The government would not permit us to make such a statement in public print unless it could be proved beyond a shadow of a doubt.



The hand that holds a pencil should feel at ease - and does with the pencil America writes with -

Dixon's
"Ti-con-der-oga"

**DIXON'S
TI-CON-DER-OGA**
An extraordinary five cent pencil

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JERSEY CITY, N. J.

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Luxury that will
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WHY pay full retail prices when you can send all kinds of woolen materials direct to one of America's largest FACTORIES and have lovely, rich-textured, modern rugs made at a saving of 1/2. If not delighted we Guarantee to pay for your materials.

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Any size in a week.
LOWEST
Prices NOW
Our 56th
Year.

[**SLY PUSS**
Continued from page fifty-seven]

fection. Some candidates he rejected harshly, some pityingly, and some with a faint smile. There remained, in the end, only himself. Financially he was all right. Two could live cheaper than one actually did on his hundred and fifty a week.

Miss Pendergrass appeared in the doorway in a brown coat that had an air about it and a brown felt hat that betrayed a decided self-confidence. The well fed Mr. Riley, smoking a pipe, came forth to take up his vigil. Hovering on the lowest step, the lady thoughtfully bit her lip. The mark remained momentarily where her teeth had dented it. Amazingly red lips, her squire noted, not to have rouge on them. She might have been

sheltered, but she hadn't stayed indoors. If this were another girl, he'd call that a sensual mouth. A sheer waste of fine material anyway. An uneasy moment. Hands gloved in brown silk; no rings showing through. No, he decided, she would have been mamma's girl until mamma died.

The restaurant, to judge by its exterior, had started as a saloon and had been only slightly annoyed by the advent of Prohibition. They went down three broad steps and walked in, without preliminaries. The unshaded electric lights were reflected from red-checked tablecloths. Several parties of quite nice-looking folk. A couple of swarthy men with their hats on, who stared at her. A scarred mahogany bar along the wall at the left. A tall, handsome fellow in a white apron coming forward, teeth flashing.

"Miss Pendergrass, this is Tony. Where's Madame, Tony?"

"SHE has two new babies. Always she has new babies. Before you know it."

"These good-looking females, Tony. You've got to watch 'em."

Tony seemed to be taking that gibe calmly.

"Two antipasti and a grande of the best red, Tony," Sam instructed. "And then spaghetti marinero and chicken cacciatore."

"Oh, you speak Italian."

Sam regarded her narrowly. Was she as simple as that? He couldn't believe it.

Tony, hanging their coats on the wall pegs, turned to roar over his shoulders, "Una rossa grande."

"Is this a regular speakeasy? I think it ought to be called a yell-loudly!"

"Good girl!" Sam applauded. "But don't tell anybody about it. If you'll look at the prices you'll find out why we want to keep it simple and pastoral. Tony makes a good living,

as it is, for the wife and kiddies."

"Isn't it exciting, her having twins? But I don't think either of you was quite nice, joking about it that way."

"His wife? Twins? Oh! You mean Madame! Why, Madame," he explained, choking, "is the house cat. She's just had kittens!"

"Well, how was I to know?" The green eyes were shooting sparks.

Tony was back, plumping a quart bottle on the floor, rattling teacups.

"Miss Pendergrass thought Madame was your wife," Sam informed him. "She wanted to congratulate you on the twins."

TONY was more courtly. "That's all right, miss." He beamed. "I got three at home, but no twins — not yet. Madame,

the cat, she's boss of this place. She is regular wop. All the time more babies."

"I'd love to see her and her babies," said Margaret. "I love cats."

"Miss Pendergrass has just lost her own cat," Sam put in. "He was a very fine cat."

"You want a cat?" Tony brightened. "I got a swell cat. Very pretty when wash up. He come in the front door two, three days ago. Some boys was chase him. I think maybe I keep him, but he is all the time want to get out. I got him shut up in the cellar. He's eat nothing and he's howl like hell. You wait, I bring him." He faded out.

"If it's a good cat, we might as well take him along," Sam suggested. "You've got to have a model."

"May I read that story you wrote about me?"

Sam brought it out of a coat pocket and passed it over. Self-conscious, he lighted a cigarette, looked about the restaurant, caught four men staring at the girl across the table, whose sleek, dark head was bent over his literary salute to her charm. He had read it over on the way up to Perry Street and thought it not so bad, though a bit lush. Now he was afraid she might laugh at it. He risked an appraisal of her face; he couldn't tell a thing by it.

She finished, folded it, absently picked up and opened her purse, and put the paper in it, zipping the purse shut. She brought the green eyes up to Sam's rather shyly.

"I think it's a perfectly sweet story!" she protested, blushing.

"So did the city editor," Sam said grimly.

"This makes me feel so smug. I knew you weren't the sort of person who would write a snooty, superior piece like that smart alec wrote. And now I feel very proud of my own judgment of you. You said you were from Brackenridge, Mr. Anderson. Is your father in the steel business?"



"Why, yes. He's a metallurgist. Lief Anderson. He's pretty well known among metal men and scientists, but I'm surprised at your knowing about him. Or did you?"

Her answer was forestalled by the arrival of Tony, clutching something lithe and furious in the folds of his apron.

"He don't like," said Tony. "Wait, I drop him on the floor."

Tony released the explosive apron.

There was a confused impression of black and white, a cat righted itself, skidded in the sawdust, rounded the corner of the bar, and disappeared.

Sam turned to grin at Margaret. This cat, he was about to remark, had plenty of character.

Miss Pendergrass, however, was on her feet. With a look of joyous amazement she was advancing toward the end of the bar. Now she was behind the bar, and now the sleek head had disappeared down behind the mahogany rampart.

Mr. Anderson, conscious that every other eye in the room was fixed upon the bar, rose to his feet. He arrived at the open end of the bar just in time to grab ten pounds of emerging feline hysteria, so abruptly that he found himself sprawling upon all fours. That undignified position brought him face to face with another cat chaser.

The most superior reporter on the staff of the Universe sat down on the wet and dirty slatted floor behind the benevolent bar and gathered into his arms the child who had just then burst into tears. To hold this adorable infant, it was necessary for him to relinquish his grip on something frantic that was riddling the back of his right hand. He let it go with few regrets. He had something else to think about at the moment.

At two o'clock on the following Monday, a winelike April afternoon, a lazy barytone voice on the city-desk telephone asked for Joe Bangs.

"This is Sam Anderson. I called up to see whether I've still got a job."

"Where in hell have you been?" the city editor exploded. "Where's that girl?"

"She's right here with me." Sam was still casual.

"And where in hell are you?"

"At the Warming Pan, up above Stamford."

"Don't kid me. This is serious."

"I'm not kidding you. This is a very nice country inn. You ought to come up some week-end. Only don't bring your cat. He'd have to stay in the barn with Christopher Sinjun."

"NOW listen, Sam, and quit clowning. If you've got that Blaine girl with you, bring her down as fast as you can, and take her to—take her to the Martha Washington. I'll have a room reserved for her under that phony name she gave you—Pendergrass."

"What's the idea, Joe?"

"You do what I tell you. Boy, you're in a hell of a mess. As soon as you get her to the hotel, you telephone me and I'll come right up and we'll fix up a story that'll stand up when the old man gets here."

"What's this all about, Joe? Start at the beginning."

Sam was no longer bantering; he seemed to be puzzled.

"Can she hear what you're saying?"

"No. She's upstairs in the room. I'm downstairs in a booth."

"All right. This dame you've picked up is the granddaughter of Henry W. Haring of Pittsburgh. Does that mean anything to you?"

"You're not kidding me, Joe. This is serious."

"Not half as serious as I am."

"But she told me her name was Blaine—Margaret Pendergrass Blaine. And she's from Charleston."

"You believe everything she tells you?"

"But she has the Charleston accent—"

"What do you know about a Charleston accent? Her name is Margaret Blaine—the Pendergrass was phony or a gag. She's old Hy Haring's only grandchild. Her father and her mother went down on the Lusitania; you wouldn't remember that, but I did."

"But this girl is an artist, Joe. Her stuff is professional."

"Sure. She went to the Philadelphia Academy for two years and won a foreign scholarship. She wanted to go to Paris on it, but the old man balked. I guess it was the first thing he ever refused her. She picked up her paint box and left. He's had detectives after her for two months, but he kept it out of the papers."

"Where did you get all of this?"

"From the smart private dick that spotted her in that story of yours."

"Of Alec's, you mean. But, Joe . . ."

BANGS broke in: "Listen, she didn't sign the register up there with her own name, did she? If she did I'll get a ticket for Mexico ready for you."

"What gives you the right to make a crack like that?"

"Oh, hell, boy; this is no time to talk sweet. I'm trying to get you out of a jam. You're up against old man Haring and he's crazy about this kid. You may not know enough about him to be scared, but, by God, I am!"

"I know all about him," said Sam testily. "Where is he now?"

"He's on his way here from Pittsburgh. He'll be here at six o'clock this evening."

"All right, Joe. You have him met at the train and tell him that his granddaughter—if it is his granddaughter—will be at my apartment—address in the telephone book—at seven o'clock. And there'll be no ransom, thank you, and no strong-arm business. The girl is perfectly safe, and I had it from her not ten minutes ago that she was never happier in her life. . . . And, Joe"—his voice lost some of its crispness—"I'd like for you to come up and stand by this evening, just in case—you know—identify the body . . ."

"The young man died game, wise-cracking till the last." Joe's sarcasm was dulled with disgust. "All right, you damn' fool, I'll be there. But you let me do the talking."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



PRINCE of WALES

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

There's Only One Prince of Wales!!

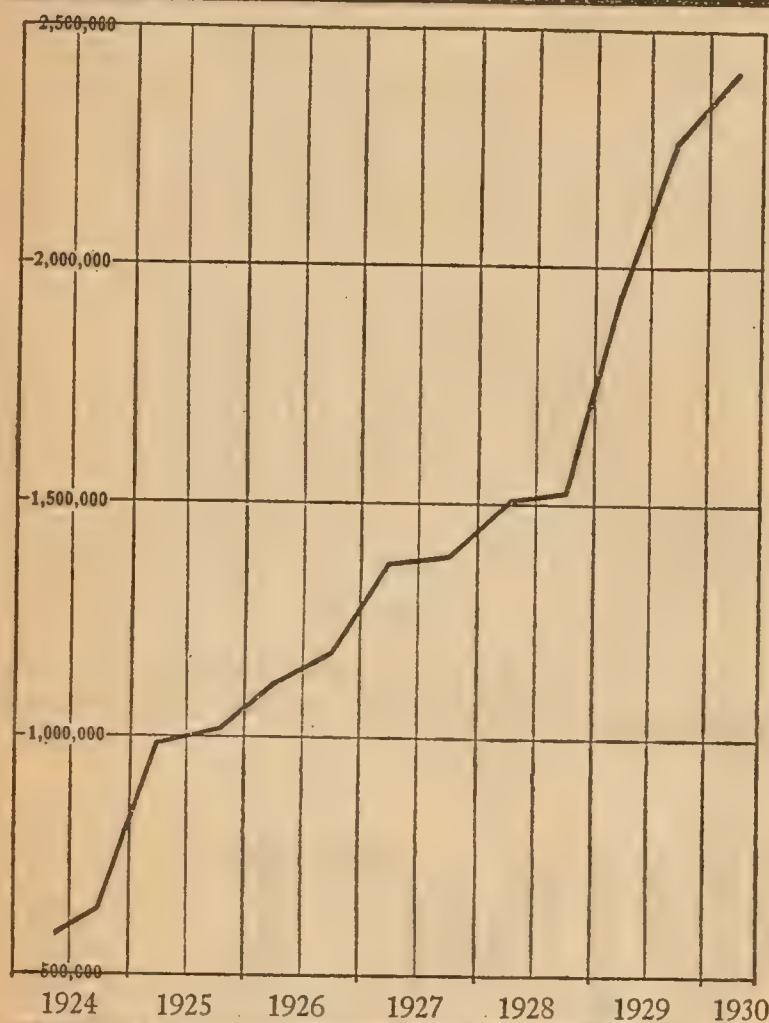
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**WHAT WELL
DRESSED MEN
ARE SMOKING**

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EVERY six months' period since the first copy appeared on the newsstand, Liberty's circulation has advanced steadily without faltering. No other magazine has gained and *held* public approval so successfully. No other major magazine has ascended from peak to higher peak with never a slip. This steep line of progress expresses Liberty's popularity . . . testifies to Liberty's ever-increasing hold on the magazine reading public.

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

[SLY PUSS
Continued from page fifty-nine]

And you get here before Haring does. I'll be at your place at five-fifteen. We've got to fix up a story that will hold water."

"Story, hell! I'm not afraid of him. We'll be there at six o'clock, Joe. We can't make it any earlier."

"All right; it's your own funeral." Bangs hung up.

At six-twenty Mr. Bangs, sitting on a step of the converted brownstone residence in which Sam Anderson occupied a bachelor suite, flicked another cigarette butt into the street and stood up, fuming. A taxicab was sliding up to the curb. A heavy-set man in a derby hat got out and held the door open for a thin, oldish gentleman in tweeds.

"Mr. Haring, let us make you acquainted with Mr. Bangs, the editor of the Universe," said the detective, elegantly, as they crossed the sidewalk.

Mr. Haring, for all his sixty-odd years, shook hands with a grip like a billet roller. His gray-green eyes took in the rumpled gray suit, the neglected physique, looked past them. He evidently liked what he found.

"I'm glad to meet you, indeed, sir," he said, not at all stiffly. "My granddaughter is here, is she?"

"She's a little late, but she'll be here. My best reporter is bringing her in." What kind of a story should he tell this old fire-eater? "I suppose Gallagher told you she disappeared the day after we printed that story about her lost cat." The detective nodded confirmation; for all he knew, Bangs reflected swiftly, that was the whole truth. He went on improvising: "The reporter who got the story took a sort of personal interest in the case. He traced her and found her up in Connecticut at some nice, quiet country inn. He was to have her here at six o'clock, but perhaps they missed the train."

There was an awkward silence. Haring broke it:

"Gallagher tells me the young man who found her is named Sam Anderson."

"That's right."

"Where does he hail from?"

"Some steel town near Pittsburgh—Brackenridge, that's it."

"Well, well! . . . Father a metallurgist—Lief Anderson?"

"That's him. The boy's very proud of him."

"**W**ELL, I'll be boiled!" said Henry Haring. "I knew Lief Anderson before this boy was born. I was mill superintendent at Bethel when the old man brought that Swede genius from the other side. The boy ought to be proud of him; he's done wonders with that Allegheny crowd. If I had been in charge then, we'd never have let Lief get away from us."

"Sam must know you, then?"

"Why, yes, but I haven't seen the boy in years. His father brought him into the office, when he was about half through college, for me to help convince him that he ought to go into steel instead of this writing business. He was bright as nickel plate. He did get his diploma in engineering; I recall writing him a letter of congratulation on his good sense. But he turned to your newspaper business anyway, Lief told me."

"And made good at it," said Bangs, chilling a trifle.

"Well, I'm not surprised. But he ought to be in the steel business. He could write on the side. How much does he make?"

"A hundred and fifty."

"A month?"

"No, a week."

"That's damned good money for a boy of his age," said Henry Haring. "In any business."

"He's exceptional," said Bangs. "Best man on some features I ever had, anywhere. Odd sense of humor. And a steady sort, at that. Takes a drink—I do, myself. But he lets the women pretty well alone. Perhaps because they all fall for him too easy."

"A cynic, hey?"

"Combination of cynic and idealist. They make the best newspaper men."

"Sounds a lot like Lief," said Haring, warming still more. "Well, well! It's a small world, as Adam told Eve when he found out they both knew Satan."

Joe Bangs grinned. Then his expression changed to one of unease. Haring turned to follow his look.

A taxicab slid up to the curb. Out of the cab ducked a tall young man, who handed out a tallish girl in brown. The girl, Bangs noted swiftly, looked a good deal like Henry Haring around the eyes and mouth.

The old gentleman had planted himself firmly in front of Bangs, who couldn't see his face. But his arms went up slowly. The girl came into them with a rush.

"What did you do it for, Lammie? Why didn't you write to me?"

There were tears in her eyes, but her voice was not much shaken.

"I wanted to show you I could get along. You wouldn't let me have the only thing I ever earned for myself."

"There's a Haring for you," said the old gentleman. "Bull-headed!"

HE cleared his throat and addressed Sam, who was hovering behind Margaret, his face stern:

"Well, sir. Don't you remember me?"

"Yes, sir." Sam took the hand extended to him around the girl's shoulder.

"Mr. Anderson found Miss Blaine up in Connecticut," Bangs put in, hoping that the young fools would catch the cue.

"I've been hearing from your father and from Mr. Bangs, here, that you're a smart newspaper man. Perhaps I was wrong when I argued for the steel business. If you found my girl, I'm prepared to admit it. Can't we go somewhere and have supper and get acquainted again?"

"That's not all of the story, Mr. Haring," said Sam, taking the plunge. "I not only found her; I married her."

He glanced from one startled face to the other, defiantly. Margaret twisted out of her grandfather's grasp and stepped over by her husband, to face the music.

"He did not," she announced. "I married *him*. He thought I was a starving artist. I lied to him."

"Where?" said Joe Bangs. "When?"

"In Greenwich, Friday morning."

"I married *her*," said Sam firmly. "It was all my idea. I was crazy about her, and I thought we'd better get married so I could take care of her. And I can, Mr. Haring." He seemed quite young.

So that's the beginning of their story.

THE END

\$500 for Limericks

Prizes for completing the unfinished Limerick in Liberty for August 30 have been awarded to those whose names appear below. The Limerick read as follows:

*Bill Smith thought 'twas time he were wed.
So he called up the girl friend and said
"Will you marry me, dear?"
She replied, "Listen here—*

Last lines which the prize winners wrote were:

FIRST PRIZE—\$250

"You're late. I'm your stepma instead."

By A. F. BULLOCK
4816 Regent Street, West Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

SECOND PRIZE—\$100

"The fleet's in. You're out. Enough said."

By OWEN C. TRAINOR
1247 Daisy Avenue, Long Beach, California

THIRD PRIZE—\$75

"Applesauce won't go well without bread."

By BRODIE PAYNE
2111 Coplin Avenue, Detroit, Michigan

FOURTH PRIZE—\$50

"I think it's the heat. Go to bed."

By W. F. Y. KENNEDY
Westminster Apts., Morris Street, Halifax, N. S., Canada

FIFTH PRIZE—\$25

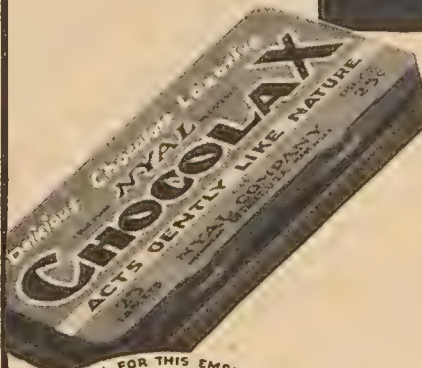
"I've long itched to be hitched. Come ahead."

By WALTER J. QUEST
921 Gallatin Road, Nashville, Tennessee

HEAD
FEEL
STUFFY
?



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Good times ruined by constipation? When habits are not normally regular, help nature with Chocolax—the new chocolate laxative, mild as nature. 25 doses, 25c.

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Problems of Conduct

What Would You Do?

\$100 Each Week for the Best Question

\$100 Each Week for the Best Answer

HAVE you sent Liberty a "problem of conduct"? Or your answer to the problem which appeared in Liberty last week? If not, you are neglecting a double-barreled opportunity to do a little thinking and earn some money.

Thomas A. Edison has been asking these questions in his examinations to find the brightest boy in the United States. Now Liberty proposes that its readers invent their own questions—and answer them.

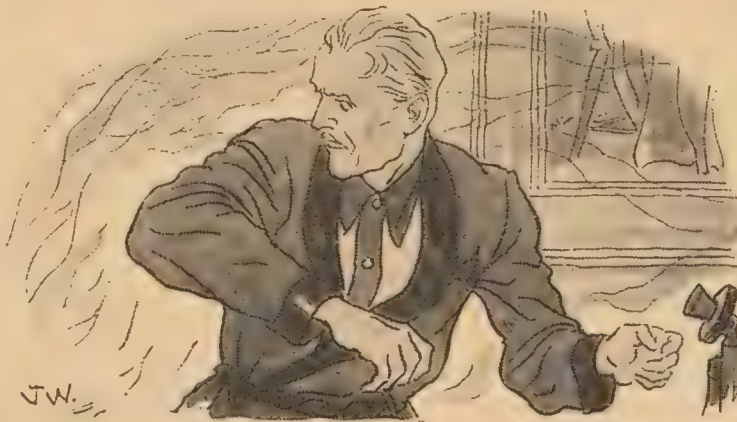
For the first few weeks we are furnishing the questions ourselves, and paying \$100 each for the best answers.

At the same time we are offering \$100 each for the best questions suggested by readers of Liberty. As soon as we can get these questions from readers, we will use them instead of our own.

And as they appear we will offer \$100 each for the best answers.

That makes *two* ways to play the game and win some money—\$100 each week for the best question suggested, and \$100 each week for the best answer.

Here Is This Week's Question



You have caught a burglar in your house and locked him in an upstairs bedroom. Your favorite dog, with a litter of new-born pups, is shut in the basement. In the same room with you, as you are telephoning the police, is a celebrated painting by Velasquez.

You discover that your house is on fire and there is barely time for you to get out. You can do one of three things—release the burglar, rescue the painting, or get the puppies and their mother out of the basement. Which would you save—the bad man, the good dog, or the work of art which should be preserved for posterity?

Answers to this question must reach us before midnight, October 4. They should be as short as possible—brevity will count in their favor. In no case should they contain more than 1,000 words.

Now Read the Rules

1. Liberty invites its readers to submit problems of conduct similar to the problem which appears on this page. One of these will be published each week, and for those published \$100 each will be paid to the persons who send them in.

2. Liberty invites its readers also to submit answers to these problems as they are published. For the answer which, in the judgment of the editors, is the best submitted each week, \$100 will be paid, and the prize-winning answer will be published.

3. Problems and answers should be written on one side of the paper only—typewritten if possible—and should be brief. Problems stated in 150 words or less are preferred. Answers should not in any case contain

more than 1,000 words, and should usually be much shorter than that. Brevity, always, will count in their favor.

4. It is understood that the decision of Liberty's editors will be final, both as to prizes awarded for problems and those paid for answers.

5. Entries—both problems and answers—should bear the sender's full name and address, and should be sent to PROBLEMS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

6. Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Liberty and their families. WE CANNOT UNDERTAKE TO RETURN ANY ENTRIES OR ENTER INTO CORRESPONDENCE CONCERNING THEM.

The first announcement of prizes will be made in Liberty for October 25.

"Scuse It, Please"

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

SCHOOL had been open just five days, but it seemed like five years to the children. Already they looked on Miss Swim as an ogress who delighted in devouring their freedom, and the novelty of writing on the blackboard had completely worn off. Somebody had thrown a wad of chewing gum at the map of Europe, blotting out Berlin, and the fish aquarium was milky with chalk.

"How many Great Lakes can you name?" Miss Swim was asking, wondering whether geography or history would interest the children more. "Quick! Quick!"

"She sounds as if she was calling chickens to eat corn," Gwen whispered. And she glared at the poor teacher and smiled like a hypocrite at a tea.

"I heard whispering," said Miss Swim, "but I didn't hear any Great Lakes."

"Maybe she's deaf," Gwen mumbled. Then she coughed to cover up the mumble and raised her hand.

"How many Great Lakes can you name?" Miss Swim



This week's cover picture.

asked her. "You ought to know one because Chicago is on it and you told me you lived there once."

Gwen blushed. She had told the teacher so many things that she had sort of forgotten about Chicago.

"Lake Michigan, Lake Erie, Lake—" She coughed again. "I know the others, but I can't tell 'em 'cause—" and she coughed as though she had whooping cough — 'cause I want a drink of water!"

Miss Swim put one hand on her hip, pointed to the water cooler in the corner with the other, and dropped the rest of the lakes for the time being.

"How many oceans lap the United States?" she asked, hoping that all the children wouldn't ask for time off at the water cooler. "That's an easy one."

"One what?" a fat boy wanted to know.

"A question, of course!" Gwen shouted, wiping her mouth on a curl. "That's what you come to school for—to hear questions." And she returned to her desk.

"How many oceans lap—" Miss Swim began again.

"Cats can lap milk," Gwen giggled, lifting her desk lid an inch and dropping it to make a noise, "but I never heard of oceans lapping the United States."

Miss Swim didn't feel that she was making much progress with geography, but she did want to get going on the oceans because then she could talk about her trip to Europe.

"Which ocean would you cross," she asked, pacing the floor in front of the blackboard, "if you were to sail over to Europe in your Christmas vacation?"

"I wouldn't cross any ocean," Jack Hancock told her. "I'd fly over or I'd stay home."

"So would I," Gwen backed him up. "I'd fly over in a big monoplane with a lot o' wings and I wouldn't come down even to fish for whales."

The whales scared off all interest in Miss Swim's trip. The children began arguing about the length of one of Jonah's tugboats and then they tipped their heads back and made believe they were spouting.

"Order! Order!" Miss Swim called out. There was silence.

"Where did you go first?" Gwen asked sweetly. She knew that Miss Swim would face the map of Europe. The second she turned and lifted her pointer to Italy, Gwen lifted her desk lid and drew out a little putty blower. She rolled a ball of paper on her tongue.

"'Scuse it, please!" she giggled as the ball hit Red Hancock just behind the ear. "'Scuse it, please!"

(Next week's cover adventure: The Tumble)

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Navarro & Pecan Sts., San Antonio

A NATIONAL
TRAVEL SYSTEM

The Tourist Rush

By

ROBERT BENCHLEY

Pictures by PETER ARNO

(Reading time: 6 minutes 11 seconds.)

ACCORDING to statistics or whatever you call those long tables of figures with "1929" and "1930" at the tops of the columns, there weren't so many Americans vacationing in Europe last summer as there were the summer before. Of course, it was impossible to get accommodations back to New York on any boat leaving after the middle of August, but that may have been because a lot of Americans adopted Frenchmen and Germans and brought them home. The boats were filled up somehow. But figures will show that, full boats or not, Americans stayed away from Europe this year in great droves. (I know why, but I am not going to tell. You must guess. It begins with a W and is the name of a street in New York.)

Now, if it is true that American tourist trade to Europe is falling off, then European tourist trade to America will have to begin. There has simply got to be a tourist trade somewhere, otherwise the world will be flooded with picture post cards which nobody will buy and there will be a plague of them.

So far, the only Europeans who have come over here have come to sell something or to lecture. They land in New York, rush right to an import house or lecture platform, do their stuff, and take the next boat back. They very seldom stop to look around, probably because there isn't much to stop to look around at. We have never gone in much for the tourist trade, but, if the future is going to bring great hordes of Europeans to this country to behave as we have been behaving in Europe all these years, we had better begin to look picturesque. We can also begin to jack up prices a bit, having one set of prices for us natives and one for the foreign visitors. Maybe it won't be a pleasure to get one of those French hotel-keepers with a long black mustache into a corner of a real old New England inn with spinning wheels in the lobby and just nick him good and plenty for a sheaf of those little lavender francs he has in his sock!

But we shall have to give them something for their money. Not much, perhaps, but a little more than we have to offer now in the way of local color. They will want to see the quaint old streets of Lawrence, Massachusetts, or Portage, Wisconsin. We shall have to make them quaint. They will want to see the natives in native costume. We shall have to rig up something for the residents of Massillon, Ohio, and Denver, Colorado, to wear which will bring forth gasps of delight from our foreign friends—at twenty dollars a gasp.

Of course, some of our citizenry may object to being stared at while they are at their supper, but Americans have been staring at French and German natives for years and it is only fair that they have their chance now. There may be a little trouble if, some warm summer evening, when the Perkinses are sitting out on their front porch getting what breeze there is, a group of French tourists from the local hotel stop and make remarks about Mr. Perkins' suspenders and offer to buy the straw mat out from under Mrs. Perkins as she sits on the steps.

The boys who hang around the corner drug store and make wise cracks at passers-by are going to resent just a bit being pointed out from an automobile-full of Italian visitors as "the lower element of the village, wearing



The boys who hang around the corner drug store are going to

the native headgear," and having their pictures taken by elderly Tyrolese couples who happen to be spending the night in town on their way to Chicago. Mrs. Durkins, on

to AMERICA



Sycamore Street, isn't going to fancy being interrupted in her housework by having a German artist poke his head in her kitchen window and ask if she will pose for a sketch.

But these things will have to be done if we are going in for getting foreign business. We have made no bones about peering into Dutch windows. We can't object to the Dutch peering into ours. Of course, we shall object, but we shouldn't.

In fact, sooner or later we shall probably get used to it and make a little effort to be picturesque. You will find different sections of the country brushing up on the distinctive local dishes and serving them in costume. Our own tea rooms have given us a start on the thing, and in many places the serving of a simple lettuce-and-tomato sandwich involves the dressing up of the waitress like Betsy Ross and the execution of a short minuet by the customer and the cashier.

THE step from this sort of thing to catering to foreign visitors is not so drastic. Up around Boston they can put the regular Sunday morning baked beans and fish balls up in little earthenware pots and serve them at a dollar and a half a throw. Everybody in Boston will, I am afraid, have to dress up like Puritans during the summer months, because that is the way that the Europeans will have read about them in their guidebooks. In Philadelphia, scrapple can be elevated to the status of a rare old *vin du pays* and served by Quakeresses or little Ben Franklins. Of course, the South will just drive the foreigners crazy with its famous dishes and local color. It would not be surprising to see corn pone, if dished

out by a dear old mammy with a bandanna on, reach an importance where it could draw down three dollars a portion in the open market.

The present batch of guidebooks to points of interest in the United States will have to be revised to make them more like the books we get abroad explaining the intricacies of France and Germany, with phrases for use by the foreign traveler. They can be divided up into sections like this:

PHRASES FOR THE STEAMSHIP PIER

What country is this? . . . That is too bad, I wanted Brazil. . . . In

which direction is the night-club life? . . . Get the hell out of that trunk! . . . No, that bottle of cognac is not mine. . . . I do not know how it got in there. . . . I am surprised to see that you have discovered yet another bottle of cognac. . . . They must have been in the trunk when I bought it. . . . Here, porter, take these bags and my arm. . . . I want to go first to the corner of Michigan Avenue and Goethe Street, Chicago.

AT THE HOTEL

Please assign me to a room overlooking the Mayor and the City Council. . . . It need not have a bath so long as the bureau drawers are wide enough to accommodate my dress shirts. . . . What shall I write here? . . . How do I know that you will not use my signature to further some nefarious financial coup of your own? Boy, take those three bags of mine and the nice-looking one next to them to Room 1473.

IN THE RESTAURANT

What are your most typical native dishes? . . . Then give me a couple of eggs. . . . I do not care how they are cooked so long as they do not contain sentimental mottoes or confetti. . . . Won't you sit down yourself and have a bite to eat? You seem tired. . . . Perhaps you would like to have me serve you? . . . What would you like? The chicken pie is very nice today. . . . No, I am not nice. I am simply being polite. . . . I would much rather not dance, if you don't mind.

IN THE AVIARY

What type of bird is that? . . . Ugh! . . . Are all three of those one bird, or do they come separately? . . . I am not very crazy about birds. . . . Let us go.

IN THE REPAIR SHOP FOR CIGARETTE LIGHTERS

I would like a new flint for my briquet. . . . I'm sorry, I thought that this was a repair shop for cigarette lighters. . . . Good day.

ON THE WAY BACK TO EUROPE

That is the last time I shall make a voyage to America. . . . Such robbers! . . . I did not see a pretty woman all the time I was there. . . . It will certainly seem good to get back home and have some bad coffee. . . . Well, I suppose everyone ought to see America once, but, for me, give me little old Bucharest every time!

Further results of Mr. Benchley's nature study will appear in an early issue.



European tourist trade to America will have to begin.



Mishkin
Studio photo

*Those eyes
are tender
in this ex-
cellent cam-
era study.*

Madcap NORMAND

(Reading time: 18 minutes 15 seconds)

THE astounding success of the motion picture, Mickey, gave fame to Mabel Normand, the comédienne who had started her flight to fame as an artist's model in New York. Then she left Mack Sennett and joined Samuel Goldwyn. In last week's installment of her life story, Mr. Sutherland recorded the praises of the Goldwyn production supervisor for Miss Normand's work, and many of his impressions of the erratic, temperamental genius who soon was to pass through the first shadow of her life.

PART FOUR—THE TAYLOR MYSTERY

ABRAHAM LEHR, vice president and production supervisor of the Goldwyn company, concluded his story of Mabel Normand's career with Goldwyn by giving the titles of the eighteen pictures she made for him. These were: Joan of Plattsburg, The Last Chance, Dodging a Million, The Floor Below, The Venus Model, Arabella Flynn, Back to the Woods, Peck's Bad Girl, A Perfect 36, Sis Hopkins, The Pest, When Doctors Disagree, Upstairs, The Jinx, Pinto, The Slim Princess, What Happened to Rosa, and Head Over Heels.

"Head Over Heels was released in April of 1921," said Mr. Lehr. "Mabel had been with us four years and had a year to go. But she was dissatisfied, saying we

weren't giving her good pictures, and complaining about conditions around the studio. So Mr. Goldwyn released her from her contract.

"We were genuinely sorry, because we all loved her and because she was the finest comédienne the screen has seen."

Mabel Normand returned to the Sennett organization. Her first picture was Molly O. Lowell Sherman was the villain. It was started late in the fall of 1921, and took twelve weeks to make.

And on February 1, 1922, just when Molly O was about to be released and Sennett and Mabel had begun work on Suzanna, the world was startled by the mysterious murder of William Desmond Taylor, president of the Motion Picture Directors' Association, and regarded as one of the screen's most capable directors.

I record here what Mabel Normand told me of the tragedy. It was the first time that she had ever told in complete detail all she knew about the still unsolved assassination. And a painstaking investigation among the official archives and the Los Angeles authorities who know all there is to know about the slaying substantiated the comédienne's story in every essential.

Before quoting directly the account given me by Miss Normand, a word or two concerning Taylor is desirable



Mabel registers something akin to wonder in a beauty parlor. A scene from Head Over Heels.



Making music. Mabel at the vocal organ, with Victor Schertzinger, director, showing his approval.



How Miss Normand appeared in a classic pose. From the Venus Model, made for Samuel Goldwyn.

Mabel NORMAND

*The True Story of
a Great Comédienne*

By SIDNEY SUTHERLAND



Mishkin
Studio photo

*Here is that
wistful smile,
a large part
of Miss Nor-
mand's appeal.*

to give the narrative its necessary background and color.

Little of an authentic character has ever been made known concerning Taylor's private life prior to the year 1908. At that time he ran an art and antique shop on Fifth Avenue, New York. He was married and the father of a girl. His name then was William Deane Tanner, and his home was in Larchmont, a suburb. He had come from England.

In the summer of 1908, Taylor (Tanner) informed his employees at noon that he was going to Long Island for the races, and walked out of the shop. His aides never saw or heard of him again until he was shot and killed, fourteen years later.

THERE is a record of William Desmond Taylor playing in a stock company in Skagway, Fairbanks, and other Alaskan towns in 1909, and he is said to have been interested in mining ventures near Dawson and in the Klondike.

A few years later he appeared in the movie colony of Hollywood and filled minor jobs until his talents elevated him to the megaphone with the Famous Players-Lasky company. Taylor was highly respected, both as a man and as a director.

Frail in health, he was not known as a drinking man;

and he is known to have incurred the active hostility of narcotic peddlers, who roamed Hollywood in profusion at that time, by boldly rescuing numerous young women from the clutches of habit-forming drugs—cocaine, heroin, morphine, opium, ether, marihuana, and chloroform.

Truth makes it necessary to report that Mabel was the special object of his friendly interest in this regard. For some time her friends, and they were legion, had tried desperately to rescue the little comédienne from an addiction brought on by her yielding to the sinister influence about her. Wally Reid and other stars had led the way; they had exhausted all the brand-new sensations and thrills sudden wealth had brought into their lives; and, tired of the commonplace indulgences, had experimented with those popular in what may be called the Dope Era of the Movies. It was the madness of this era that brought Will Hays to the picture industry. So, it was to help his friend Mabel and others then in the toils that Taylor bent his earnest efforts. And the authorities for a while thought that vengeful narcotic peddlers had caused Taylor's murder.

Another enigmatic figure appears in the drama—Edward F. Sands. It is known that he was in the British army as Edward Fitz Strathmore, though where he

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



Two silver screen aces back to back. Miss Normand on a romantic prop with Tom Moore.



An armful of film star, Earl Fox doing the carrying. The scene is taken from The Jinx.



O, for the rural life! Miss Normand as she appeared in that flock of smiles, Sis Hopkins.

[MADCAP MABEL NORMAND]
[Continued from page sixty-seven]

hailed from, and what his real relations were with Taylor, are as unfathomed as to where he fled shortly before the murder of the director.

Sands' position with the director was that of valet. But he seems to have been more than that; for when Taylor went to England because of ill health late in 1921, Sands forged his master's name to innumerable checks; pawned his jewelry, wrecked two of his cars, stole nearly all his clothes, and evidently had also thrived by black-mailing his employer.

When Taylor returned, Sands vanished. He has never since been seen. To replace him, Taylor hired a Negro, Henry Peavey.

Another movie actress figured in the case: Mary Miles Minter, then amazingly popular in pictures. Taylor had directed her in *Ann of Green Gables* for Famous Players.

She was madly enamored of him. Her letters and lingerie bearing her initials intrigued the detectives who searched the Taylor premises for the clew they never were to find. Miss Minter dropped out of pictures soon afterward.

Mrs. Charlotte Shelby, the mother of Miss Minter, seems to have been opposed to her daughter's infatuation for the Englishman. She and Mary had some notable quarrels at the time, and afterward, concerning the fortune Mary made in pictures.

"Late in January we began to make *Suzanna*," Mabel Normand told me. "The whole world and my future seemed cheerful and promising. Not only was the picture a good one, but I felt that at last I was coming into my own, both as to lovely stories and as to greater achievements as a *comédienne*."

"And one of the fine friendships of my life had come to me, my relations with Taylor. To his discriminating taste I owe much of the choice I have made from the world's literature for my library shelves. He was a splendid director, and together we went to see some picture several nights a week."

"ON February 1, Sennett gave me a day off, saying he would phone when to show up next day. I awoke about noon, and wondered how I'd spend the day."

"I had received so many beautiful Christmas gifts, and there were many duplicates I wanted to exchange, the donors having given me that privilege. And I had received many darling presents from the workers around the studio—silver platters from the electricians, and similar things from the prop boys, and so on."

"So I decided to load my car with these things and go to the jewelers, where I could exchange some of them, and on the others have the names of my friends engraved."

"I was also going to leave my jewelry I'd taken out for the holiday parties in my safety deposit boxes at Hellman's Night and Day Bank."

"Well, of course, I loafed around until Mamie Owens, my maid, told me I'd better hurry on downtown. So I had William Davis, the chauffeur, carry the packages out to the car, and then I scurried into my clothes. I explained to Mamie that I was going to my two jewelers', Brocks' and Feagen's, and would telephone her."

"I was almost too late. I got into Brocks' store just before closing time, six o'clock, told them what I wanted, and then hastened over to Feagen's, where they were just locking the front door. I pounded on the glass and a clerk recognized me and let me in. All this, and what followed, was carefully checked by the police."

"After I had explained to Feagen's clerk what I wanted, I ordered Davis to drive me to the Hellman bank at Sixth and Main Streets. On the way I noticed a sign that Harold Lloyd's latest picture was being shown, and I decided to see it before going home."

"In the safety vaults I signed my name and took one of my boxes into a little room. I sat a while looking at my jewelry and then put it into the box. Suddenly I decided to call my house and tell Mamie I'd dine downtown and see the Lloyd comedy."

"I called up my apartment. I lived at 3089 West Seventh Street, a dozen blocks or so from Taylor's bungalow apartment at 404-B South Alvarado Street. Mamie answered the phone and I told her what I intended to do."

"'But you can't go to the picture tonight, Miss Normand,' she said. 'Mr. Sennett called up and said for you to be ready to go on location tomorrow morning at seven o'clock with your make-up on. He'll send a studio car for you.'"

"'And Mr. Taylor just called up and said he had two books for you, and to ask you when you could call for them, or should he bring them over?'"

"'I think you ought to drive by his place,' Mamie went on, 'and get the books and then come on home and go to



P. & A. photo

The bungalow court where Taylor lived and died.



Keystone photo
Edward Sands, William Desmond Taylor.
mystery valet.

bed, and I'll serve your dinner in bed and comb your hair, so you can get up bright and early for work."

"I told Mamie I thought her idea great, and I'd do as she had suggested."

"As I left the vault I glanced at my wrist watch. It was nearly seven o'clock. Then I wondered what books Bill had bought for me. I had my Freud with me and I thought he'd be pleased to know I read it in my car. I remembered there was a new book out by Ethel M. Dell, and I made a bet with myself that that was one of the books he had. I wondered about the other, until I recalled he had said a few days before that he knew of a fine critique on Nietzsche and was going to buy me the translation."

"As I started to step into my car, I suddenly felt a great appetite for peanuts. I looked around. Standing across the street, against the curb, was a little two-wheeled, glass-topped wagon filled with peanuts."

"I told Davis to wait, skipped over, and picked up two bags of these and one of freshly popped corn. Then I handed the man a ten-dollar bill, the smallest I had."

"He looked reproachfully at me and said he couldn't change it. I pretended to be surprised and angry."

"'You've been here all day,' I scolded him, 'and I can't understand why you haven't got a whole lot of money.' Then I laughed and went into a drug store for change."

"I went back to my car and told Davis to take me to Bill's. As we drove through the traffic I looked out at the passing show. Then I saw a news stand and hollered for Davis to stop there."

"Displayed prominently was a Police Gazette, and on its front cover was a beautiful posed head of a pretty

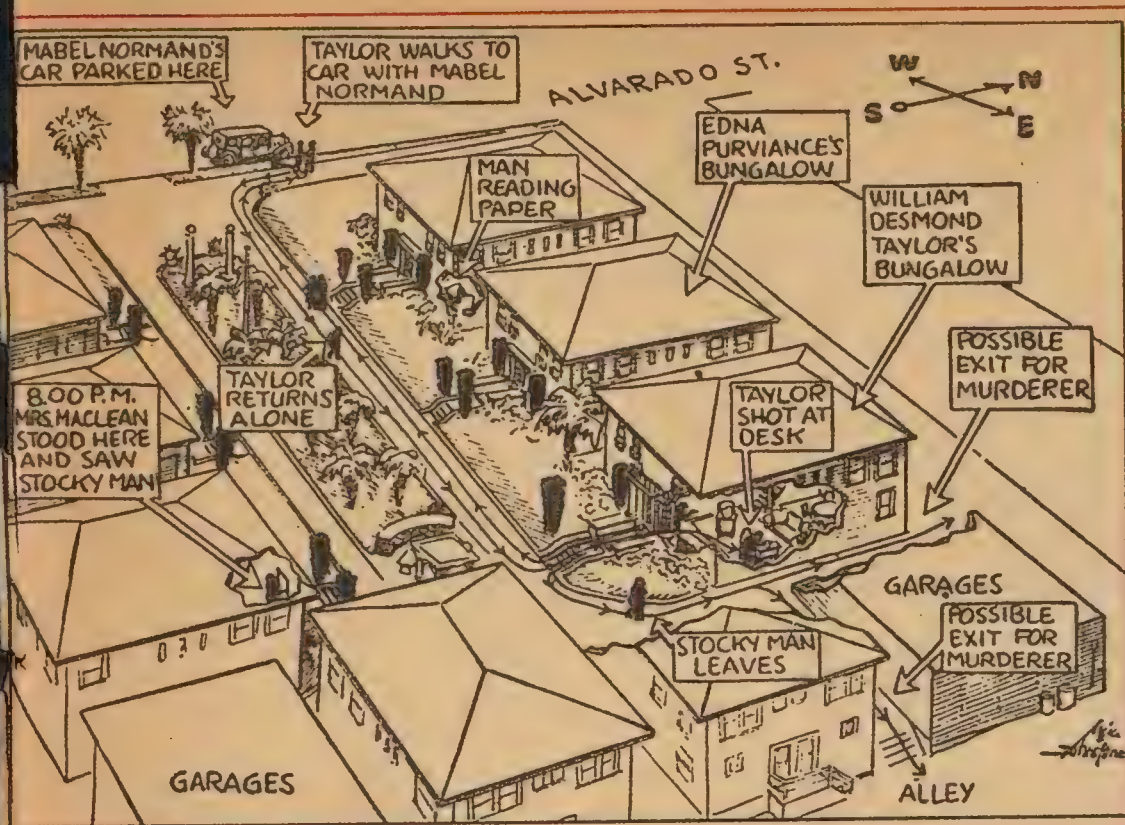


Diagram of the bungalow court, showing Taylor's movements and Miss Normand's before he was shot.

girl. Sennett had had his still-camera man making shots of me to go with the advertising for Suzanna, and we had wrangled a lot about the head poses.

"And there on the front cover of the Gazette was an idea for a pose. So I hopped out and bought it.

"We then went on to Bill's house. It was part of an attractive arrangement. There were eight little two-story cottages built around a U, three on each side and two at the end, the open end of the U fronting on Alvarado Street. I don't know who lived in five of them; but the second on the left was occupied by Edna Purviance, the third was Taylor's, and the one on the right at the end was rented by Douglas McLean and his wife.

"I told Davis I'd be gone only a little while, and asked him to sweep out the peanut shells I'd scattered on the floor of the car. I got out, left my Freud and magazine on the seat, and walked up the left-hand cement walk to Bill's little house. I carried a bag of peanuts to show my gratitude for the two books he had for me!

"A peculiarity the director had was that he never closed his front door during the day and seldom at night, a point Mrs. McLean emphasized in her testimony at the inquest, as you shall see.

"When I reached Bill's open door I heard a voice inside: he was using the telephone. So I walked around the flower beds until he had quit talking. Then I rang his bell.

"Taylor came to the door, smiled, and held out both hands.

"'Helloa, Mabel darling,' he said. 'I know what you came for—to get two books I've just got for you.'

"'RIGHTO, my bright duck,' I said, going in. 'And I brought you a present too. Guess what it is.' I held the bag of peanuts behind me.

"'No man's brain could possibly guess what you'd buy,' he retorted. 'But I'll bet it's something very fine. But come on in and have dinner. I've just finished mine, but Peavey can fix you something.'

"'Thanks, Bill, but Mamie's going to feed me in bed tonight,' I said. 'I've a seven-o'clock appointment to go on location, and I'm going to sleep early. But you go ahead with your dinner,' I went on, seeing through the arch that separated the two rooms that the table was covered with dishes.

"'I've already finished,' Bill answered, 'and I don't want any dessert. But you'll have a cocktail, won't you? I'll drink one with you, if you will.'

"'Sure,' I said. 'And I've got just the thing for your dessert. Here it is, Bill—a bag of peanuts.'

"He laughed, and put the bag of peanuts on top of his



Edna Purviance, Mary Miles Minter, who loved Taylor. Mrs. Charlotte Taylor's bungalow neighbor. Mrs. Shelby, mother of Miss Minter.

piano. They found it there untouched the next morning. Then he shouted to Peavey to mix a couple of cocktails, and returned to his seat in front of his writing table. The whole top of the table was covered with canceled checks, and he called me over. I sat on the arm of his chair, and he pointed at the litter and said:

"'Look, Mabel, what that damned fellow Sands did to me. Nearly every one of those checks is a forgery; and, do you know, he did such a good job that to save my life I can't tell which are my signatures and which are forgeries! Just look at this.'

"He picked up one check he knew he had signed and beside it held one he was uncertain about. Neither of us could see any difference in the signatures.

"'What are you going to do about it, Bill? And what are you going to do about Sands?'

"'What on earth can I do about it?' he wailed. 'I'll never get it straightened out. As for Sands, of course he's been missing. If they ever find him, you can bet I'll do plenty to him.'

"PEAVEY came in with the cocktails on a little silver tray. He put them down, where the empty glasses were found the next morning, and bowed low.

"'How do you do, Miss Normand,' he said in his shrill voice. 'I trust all is well with you.'

"'All's well, Henry, thanks,' I said. Henry had been released from jail that morning, Bill having gone down to get him out of some trouble he'd got into a few days before in one of the city's parks. He asked Taylor if that was all for him.

"'Yes, Henry,' said Bill. 'Clean up out there and trot along. And don't worry; I think I can fix up everything downtown tomorrow.'

"Henry fluttered about a while, and then bowed as he went out, leaving the door open as he always did. It was about twenty minutes past seven o'clock. He left each evening after dinner and came the next morning at seven.

"After he'd gone, Bill asked me to guess what books he had for me. I did, and he was astonished when I told him they were Rosa Mundi, by Ethel M. Dell, and the translation of a German criticism of Nietzsche.

"He got the books from a shelf and unwrapped them. Together we turned the pages, as people will with a new book, pausing to glance at a paragraph here and there and comment on it, and wondering if this new Dell book was as promising picture material as her other novels.

"Then we talked about Suzanna and how my picture was going, and whatever film it was Bill was working on at the time, and making a future dinner engagement before going to see the Harold Lloyd film, and about any number of things we were interested in.

"After I'd played the piano for him, as usual being scolded because I deliberately introduced a lot of discords, and we had about exhausted topics to talk about, he offered to call Fellows, his chauffeur, and take me home. But I said no; that my car was at the curb. He said he'd telephone me at nine o'clock, and I told him, all right, but that Mamie wouldn't disturb me if I'd gone to sleep.

"Then he walked down toward the street with me. In the cottage next to Edna's we saw a man sitting near the window under a light reading the afternoon papers.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[MADCAP MABEL NORMAND]
Continued from page sixty-nine

"How important the insignificant sometimes turns out to be! The testimony of that man—that he had heard Taylor and me walking down the path in the dusk and heard us laughing and talking—is all that saved me from a ghastly fate.

"I tremble even yet to think what they might have done to me if this man had not told of seeing us leaving together and glancing out a few minutes later to see Taylor striding back alone to his bungalow, a few minutes before the shot was heard.

"When we reached the curb, Davis was standing at the door of my car, his feet amidst the litter of the peanut shells he had swept out of the tonneau. Bill laughed when he saw them and then looked into the car and saw the Police Gazette lying there beside my volume of Freud. He picked them up and held them at arm's length.

"'Freud and the Police Gazette!' he exclaimed. 'Who else in all this wide, wide world would be capable of having in her possession two such extremes in literature? Mabel, Mabel, my darling, I'm afraid you're hopeless!'

"'I wonder what's to become of you, my dear. You have such terrific possibilities to scale the peaks, and you seem so often to prefer the depths. Oh, Mabel, if a lovely thing, such as perfect trust and perfect love, had ever come into your strange life!'

"He looked again at the things he held, then looked at me and shook his head—for he loved me dearly. Then he tossed them back into my car.

"I pulled his ear lobe and said: 'Don't be silly, Bill. You won't believe it, but I bought that Police Gazette because of the pose of that girl's head on the cover. Well, toodle-oo, Bill, old friend; see you in a day or two.'

"He helped me into my car and Davis drove away. I looked back, and we wafted kisses on our hands to each other as long as I could see him standing there on the edge of the sidewalk.

"I never saw him again. And he did not telephone me at nine o'clock, as he had promised, for he was lying on the floor of his living room, shot through the back and dead within a few moments after I left him.

"The next morning hell broke loose. It raged about my head for weeks, instantly identifying me with a crime I had no more to do with than you did; besmirching me almost before the smoke of the unknown assassin's pistol had eddied away.

"THE authorities, baffled by their failure to find a single clew, finally came to my rescue and tore me out of the clutches of the newspaper men, reporters who, with nothing else to write about, answered their editors' demands for news with countless interviews with me and unkind interpretations of what I told them, and their surmises."

Taylor walked back to his cottage, and evidently sat down again to look at the forged checks on his table. When next seen, he was lying on the floor, coat carefully buttoned, lapels smoothed down, arms lying straight beside the body, feet close together, trousers unwrinkled.

The assassin had evidently slipped into the living room and hidden behind the open door after Taylor and Mabel left to go to her car.



Tully Marshall and Miss Normand in *The Slim Princess*.

For an hour after his body was discovered by Peavey the next morning and the alarm sounded by the terrified Negro, it was thought Taylor had died of heart disease, the bullet wound under his left shoulder blade not being found until the ambulance came.

At the inquest everybody who knew anything testified. Mrs. Douglas McLean said that a little before eight o'clock she heard a pistol shot. She and her maid glanced at each other, and Mrs. McLean stepped to her little upstairs veranda in time to see a short, stocky man, with a muffler around his neck and his cap pulled down, step out of the Taylor dwelling, close the door carefully behind him, glance casually about, and then walk down the steps.

He turned to the left and disappeared between the Taylor bungalow and the house between it and the McLean cottage into a little court where the Taylor garage opened on the alley.

DOUGLAS McLEAN also heard the shot and discussed with his wife the possibility that the man she had seen leaving had fired it. But nothing was done, and Peavey found the door closed the next morning.

Surprised by this, he rang the bell, and finally opened the door to find his master's body rigid on the floor near the little table.

When Peavey's excited shrieks startled the courtyard, Edna Purviance thrust her head out of her bedroom window. When she learned Taylor was dead she rushed to her telephone. First she called Mabel, and Mabel became almost hysterical.

Then she called Mary Miles Minter, and Mary became wholly so. She started to run to the front door and Mrs. Shelby barred her way.

"You're not going over there," the mother said firmly. "But Bill Taylor's been murdered!" the little blonde screamed.

They stood and argued about it a while, and Mary fell weeping into a chair before a mirror. Suddenly she noticed her reflection and was struck by the expression on her own face.

"Look, mother," she cried; "look at my expression! Don't I register frozen horror perfectly?"

"Hold it, dear!" cried Mrs. Shelby, running around in front to see.

Then Mary got out of the house and hastened to the thronged courtyard where now detectives, newspaper men, movie directors, and tenants were milling around in great confusion. When she arrived she promptly put on a mad scene, screaming and calling, "Bill, my darling, speak to me," and tearing her fair curls and dashing to and fro across the flower beds—and trying to get into the house.

The police prevented her entrance, for they had already found much feminine finery and dainty lingerie,

some of it monogrammed with three Ms, and many startling letters—letters which presently became a passport ushering Mary Miles Minter into oblivion.

And then the storm burst with unbelievable fury about Mabel Normand's head.

How Miss Normand came through the ordeal of the Taylor murder investigation and the second shadow in her life will be told in the next installment of her story.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 38

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1—New Mexico. | contradistinction to a fraction or a mixed number. |
| 2—Jean François Millet. | 12—Meanwhile; temporary. |
| 3—The name of Morpheus, the god of dreams in classical mythology. | 13—Lord Nelson. |
| 4—A British colony in western Africa. | 14—DeWitt Clinton's. |
| 5—The white part. | 15—Casabianca. |
| 6—New Year's Eve. | 16—The use, without due credit, of the ideas, expressions, or productions of another. |
| 7—Lincoln Memorial University at Harrogate. | 17—Want of care or concern; indifference. |
| 8—The back leather or heel part. | 18—Remember the Maine. |
| 9—Swiss. | 19—George Gordon, Lord Byron. |
| 10—Fez. | 20—Hygeia. |
| 11—A whole number, in | |

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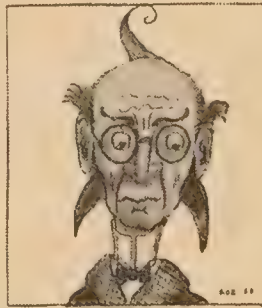


NORMA SHEARER

See what you can do to these pictures with a pen or pencil, making them look as funny as you can. Then mail them, as directed in the rules below, so that they will reach us before midnight, October 4. That's all there is to it!

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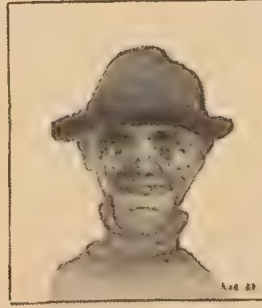
THE RULES

Each week Liberty will publish a set of photographs under the heading **FUNNY FACES**. You are invited to mark them up—all of them—in any way you see fit, and send them, with your name and full address, to **FUNNY FACES**, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 612, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

For the funniest sets of faces received each week, \$500 will be paid, the prizes to be divided as indicated above.

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Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Liberty and their families. The editors of Liberty will be the judges, and their decision will be final. Prize awards for the pictures in each issue will be announced four weeks later, and the pictures that win the first three prizes will be published. We cannot undertake to return any entries or enter into correspondence concerning these Funny Faces.



THIRD PRIZE, \$50—For these faces by A. Z. Skinner, 2240 Grand Avenue, Wausau, Wis.

\$5 PRIZES

for the week have been awarded to Aunitta Baird, Sacramento, Calif.; Mildred Barnes, Richmond, Va.; Virginia C. Bibb, St. Louis, Mo.; Lena Stovall Blakeney, Hugo, Okla.; Daisy H. Cook, Ironton, O.; Irene Ermann, Fort Smith, Ark.; Evelyn Gericke, Logan, W. Va.; Paxton H. Grigsby, Shreveport, La.; Bobbie B. Hardegree, Talladega, Ala.; Rena L. Henreux, Baltimore, Md.; Frank Hewitt, Chico, Calif.; J. C. Jansrud, Dillon, Mont.; Emma E. Levesque, Concord, N. H.; Mildred Lundberg, Omaha, Neb.; Esther McKean, Houston, Tex.; Henry McKee, Atlantic City, N. J.; Mrs. E. F. Meyer, Detroit, Mich.; Frank Michel, New York, N. Y.; C. J. Milling, Cleveland, O.; Edna L. Moore, Chicago, Ill.; Margaret A. Niebuhr, Pawtucket, R. I.; Mrs. R. A. Olson, Sioux City, Ia.; Martha L. Reibenstein, Portland, Ore.; Mary Jane Robinson, Roswell, N. M.; Frank M. Smith, Indianapolis, Ind.; James A. Taggart, Philadelphia, Pa.; Roberta Taylor, Amherst, Nova Scotia; Bessie W. Trimble, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Bertha Wilding, Salt Lake City, Utah; Ralph C. Williams, Johnstown, Pa.



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Read CHARMION VON WIEGAND'S article

**A BEACH RESORT
AMONG THE BOLSHEVIKS**

In Liberty NEXT WEEK!

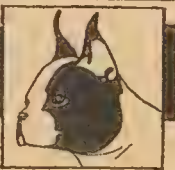
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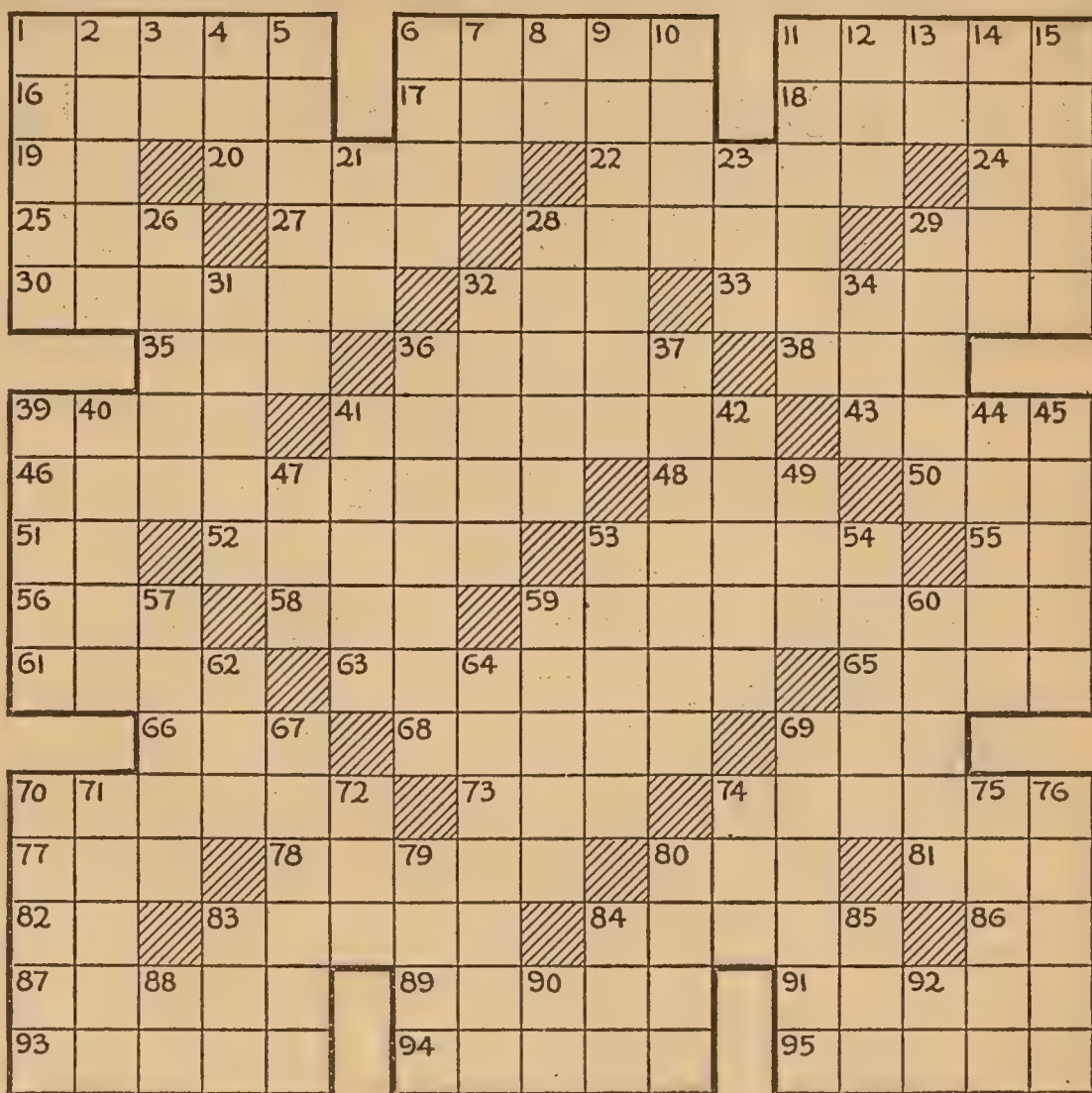
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- 16 Ascended
- 17 Fisher for lampreys
- 18 Causes to grow warm
- 19 Not
- 20 Select class
- 22 Measure of length
- 24 Printer's measure
- 25 Unusual; singular
- 27 A constellation
- 28 Town in Delaware
- 29 Comprehend
- 30 Reclassify
- 32 Prefix meaning wrong or ill
- 33 Sea ducks
- 35 Peer Gynt's mother
- 36 Town in West Virginia
- 38 Perch
- 39 Inquires
- 41 Probity; integrity
- 43 Deities
- 46 Thefts
- 48 Point
- 50 Goddess in Egyptian mythology
- 51 A Japanese measure of area
- 52 Species of eel
- 53 Entreat
- 55 Symbol for nickel
- 56 Corrode
- 58 Obtain
- 59 Interchange of caresses
- 61 Killed
- 63 Derived; inferred
- 65 Bonds

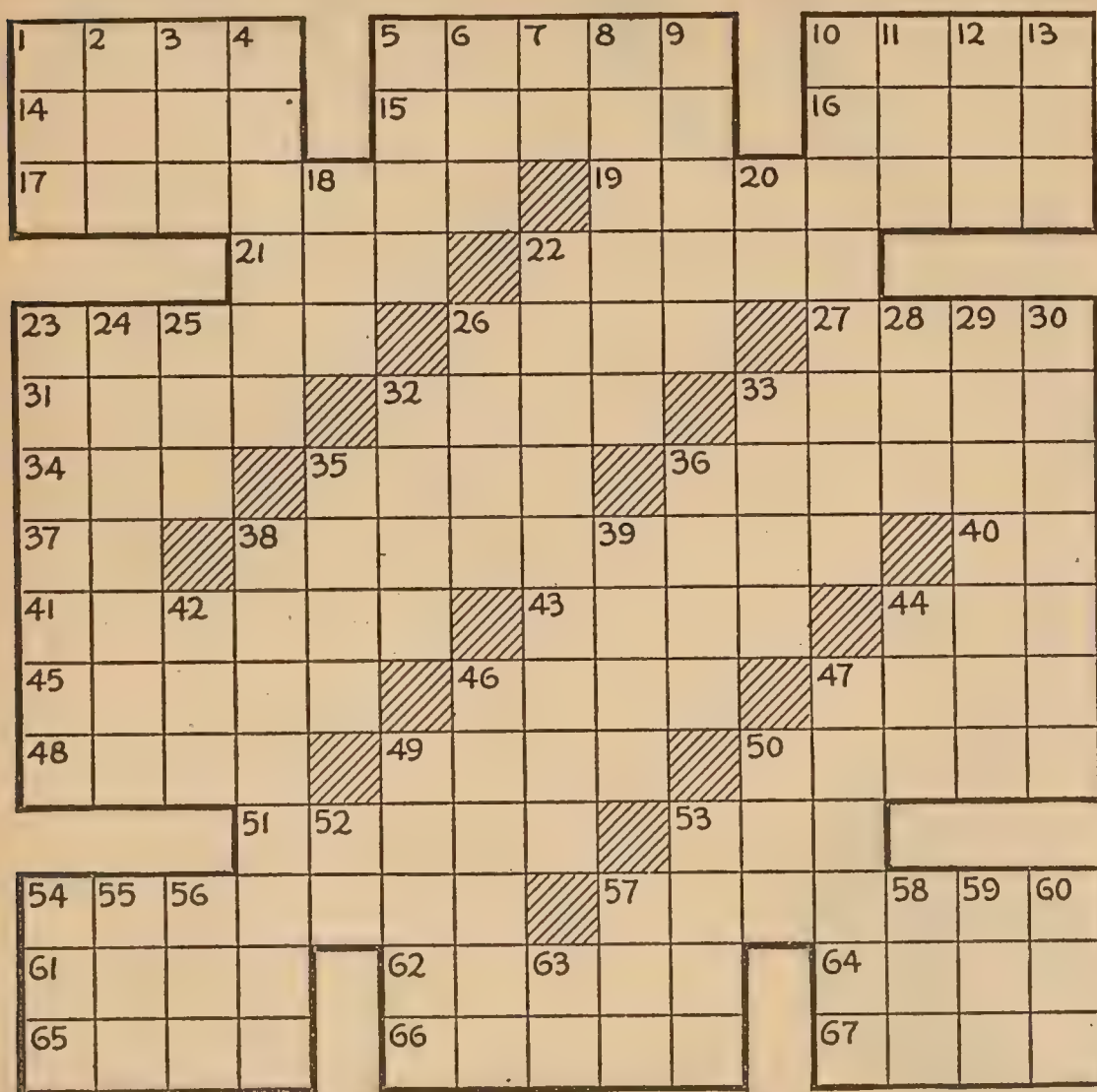
- 66 No
- 68 Took the part of another
- 69 A cyst
- 70 Rocks
- 73 A color
- 74 Spaces between steps in a stairway
- 77 Sailor
- 78 Progenitors
- 80 Small compact mass
- 81 Sup
- 82 Either
- 83 Garret
- 84 Provided with weapons of offense
- 86 A parent
- 87 Depart
- 89 Gaze fixedly
- 91 Noticed
- 93 Ethereal salt
- 94 City in Germany
- 95 A net

VERTICAL

- 1 Tract of land; an estate
- 2 To wear away
- 3 Toward
- 4 Compass point
- 5 Make public
- 6 Greek letter
- 7 Female sandpiper
- 8 Indian mulberry
- 9 Goddess of vengeance (Greek religion)
- 10 Sketched
- 11 Essay upon a definite theme
- 12 Pronoun
- 13 Babylonian deity
- 14 Guide
- 15 Slaves
- 21 Wrath
- 23 A mound
- 26 Male fowl
- 28 Has existence
- 29 Device for inducing discharge of pus
- 31 Province in India
- 32 Infected with mange
- 34 Excavate
- 36 Gives
- 37 Stopped undesiredly
- 39 Beasts of burden
- 40 Go stealthily
- 41 Rented
- 42 Relinquish
- 44 Fool
- 45 Inclosures
- 47 Ship's diary
- 49 French name for the fifth month
- 53 Stepped
- 54 A fruit (plural)
- 57 Import; meaning
- 59 Fops
- 60 Baseball teams
- 62 Succeeded
- 64 Points out the way
- 67 Canopy over a bed
- 69 Broadens
- 70 Purloined
- 71 Weeds
- 72 To rest
- 74 A sheep
- 75 Mature
- 76 Garden implement
- 79 Ascend
- 80 A bird
- 83 A salutation
- 84 Form of to be
- 85 Female rabbit
- 88 By
- 90 Like
- 92 An element (symbol)

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page seventy-eight

Take Your Choice



HORIZONTAL

- 1 Scotch caps
5 An instrument for making impressions or imprints
10 To shed or cast off, as feathers
14 An open space about a building's base
15 Roll of tobacco
16 Species of silkworm
17 Of or pertaining to the belly
19 Windstorm of extreme violence
21 A form of John
22 Grows after the manner of a vine
23 In a state of separation
26 A tree
27 Availed one's self of
31 Proceeding from a sound mind
32 A knoblike process
33 The bodily structure
34 Meanly cunning
35 Man's nickname
36 Species of beetle
37 One of the United States (abbr.)
38 Pertaining to the elements
40 The symbol for an element
41 Destroyed charm or freshness of
43 To gather, as a harvest, by cutting
44 Augment; increase
45 Narratives
46 To chop into small pieces; mince
47 An American Indian
48 One belonging to any of the Slavonic groups
49 Fondles
50 Small nails
51 A size of type
53 Color
54 Misname
57 Chides vehemently
61 One of a tribe of Iroquoian Indians
62 Mother
64 Scarf or band worn about the waist
65 To exert influence in any direction
66 Characterized by imbecility
67 In another, or a contrary, case
13 Filipino peasant
18 Contemptuous name for a nonunion worker
20 Note of the scale
22 To eviscerate
23 Helps
24 Pertaining to the palate
25 One indifferently out of a number
26 Poetic composition
28 Perched
29 Made corrections in a literary work
30 Mocks
32 Withdrew blood from the body
33 Move with a beating motion, as wings
35 Beverage (plural)
36 District in India
38 Raised
39 Promontory; headland
42 Winglike part
44 A constellation
46 Cossack headman
47 Line made by folding
49 City in Italy
50 Prickly envelope of a fruit
52 Earth as a goddess (Greek mythology)
53 At this point
54 Confronted
55 Ill temper
56 Moral error
57 Deity in Babylonian mythology
58 East Indian palm
59 Letter of the alphabet
60 Pronoun
63 Note of the scale

VERTICAL

- 1 A letter of the Hebrew alphabet
2 An area ten meters square
3 The pieces used in various games
4 Trenchant wit; sarcasm
5 To look closely at or into
6 Sesame
7 The symbol for silver
8 Service of Morning Prayer (plural)
9 Flat, especially face downward
10 Pertaining to measure
11 Anglo-Saxon money of account
12 A cover

If you **MUST** know the answer, you will find it on page seventy-eight

16 and 40 No Excess Fat



It's easy to avoid

Everybody knows that excess fat is nowhere near so common as it was. Mothers look like daughters. Slender figures are the rule. You should know how scientific research has brought this change about.

Science has discovered that a great cause of excess fat lies in a deficient gland. No starvation, no over-work can cure it. The cause must be corrected, and that lies in a gland which largely controls nutrition.

Modern physicians, in treating obesity, attack that cause. They supply the lack. That is why excess fat has so fast disappeared in late years. Slender figures are the vogue.

A great medical laboratory, years ago, embodied this new method in Marmola prescription tablets. People have used them for over 24 years—millions of boxes of them. You see the results wherever you look. There is new youth and beauty, new health and vitality. Excess fat is nowhere near as common as it was.

Do what these people have done—multitudes of them, for 24 years. They have seen the fat go, seen new youth and vigor come back. Friends all about you will testify to that.

Every box of Marmola contains the formula, also the reasons for results. You will know exactly why these good effects appear. Get back to normal weight in this scientific way. Fat is a disease. You will benefit in many ways when the cause is ended. Start now.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at \$1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

MARMOLA
Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

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A Proven Germicide!



For a clean, healthy scalp use Lucky Tiger. Destroys germs—gives to thin, falling hair a new life and lustre. Delicately perfumed and world's largest seller at Druggists, Barber Shops and Beauty Parlors.

TRY IT TODAY!

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.
The MENHENT COMPANY Limited
214 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

A HARP

The Story of an Easy Mark



When someone would approach him with a hard-luck story, he'd seek to settle for fifty cents on the dollar.

(Reading time: 16 minutes 54 seconds)

WHEN he was eighteen, Tommy Cleary was banging the piano in the sheet-music department of a store on Twenty-fifth Street. He was a slim, small, quiet lad, with a lot of hair and not much forehead, and he had little to say. The girls in the store didn't pay much attention to him, and it was generally conceded that Tommy was a nice kid, but dumb.

At the age of nineteen he wrote a fox trot called Mingle Your Eyebrows with Mine. Probably this wasn't his first composition; nevertheless it must be catalogued as Opus one, Number one. The piece sold twenty-five thousand copies. Tommy got twenty-five dollars for it, and, flushed with success, he speedily wrote Let Me Spend My Eighteen Per on You, for which he received a hundred dollars outright. Then Sol Wittgeist dropped in and had a heart-to-heart talk with him, and finally signed him up. And he worked with Wittgeist for nine years.

Wittgeist was a smart Jew and a decent one. Everybody knows that. He made a fortune out of Tommy Cleary, and he made plenty of money for Tommy, too. Tommy didn't keep his.

What a sucker Cleary used to be! Not the sort of sucker who gives away hundred-dollar bills to waiters or who gets a name as a Good-Time Charlie. He wasn't ostentatious; he was shy, really, and backward. After he gave up his music-store job, he was not anxious to play

By

EDWARD L. MCKENNA

who has done newspaper reporting and is the author of two recent successful novels and a large number of short stories. He is a professor of mathematics at the Wharton School of Finance of the University of Pennsylvania.



Pictures by C. B. FALLS

before strangers. He got over that in time, when he realized that he was expected to play, and that people would be disappointed if he didn't.

If you had a list of the men and women who collected a little something from Cleary for a trip to Saranac, and then never went; or who borrowed a hundred, or five hundred, or more important money, to buy a new front, or a backdrop, or a new set of drapes, or to pay the interest on a Freeport cottage, you'd have a curious and amusing roster of the show business. Furthermore, you'd have something that Tommy Cleary never had. What did he care? The money was coming in so fast that he was bewildered. He spent some of it, but most of it he gave away.

His friends and his family were very important to him. It gave him great pleasure to know that he was a big man in his family—almost as big as Monaghan the alderman or Bill Cleary the attorney. He'd never be so busy that he'd fail to show up at a funeral or a wedding or a New Year's party at the homes of any of his people. If it were a party, he'd play for them, too, without making any fuss about it. He'd play half the night, while his cousins and their friends danced and sang, and sometimes he'd call up a theater and get the headliner to come over and sing a couple of songs for them. Oh, yes! He was a great man to his family, for Celts love a minstrel always, and who wouldn't be fond of a boy like this, so simple and so quiet and so much like anybody else, for all his money and all his fine friends?

It was a sight to see them—the Monaghans and the Clearys and the Phelans and the McMahons—all together for a birthday party or a wedding anniversary or for Christmas, or just for instance. There was drink at these affairs always, and a great fuss and ceremony about drinking. But you'd seldom see one of them the worse for drink. They'd be out with their wives or their children or their sweethearts, and they'd have their work to go to in the morning. Some of them didn't drink a drop, and nobody thought any the less of them or tried to coax them. Only a few of them all were making as much as five thousand a year, and not one of them was jealous of Tommy Cleary or had any feeling but pride that he was their kinsman. They bragged about him to everybody. "Tommy Cleary, my cousin." "Tommy Cleary, the song writer, my nephew." "My grandson, Tommy Cleary, the great musician."

There'd be Cleary, two-thirds of a highball above him on the piano and a cigarette dangling from his lip, playing and playing, and the sweat staining his seven-dollar silk shirt. It'd be Tom this, and Tommy that, and his good-

from *Tin-Pan-Alley*



looking girl cousins and sisters-in-law crowding around him, and the sound that was more to him than any other sound swelling up to him from the floor. The shuffling of feet, the rhythm of dancing feet! That was music to him, first, last, and always—the beat of pattering, nimble feet. He was a poor dancer, as many pianists are, but he loved to watch dancing and to hear it. He must have seen Pat Rooney dance about five hundred times.

He wrote heart songs, too, and he'd listen with rapt attention to a Hawaiian guitar. He'd try to play Hawaiian music on the piano, seeking to catch the slurring harmonies, the breath-catching, specious modulations. He was as sentimental as a baby's shoe, and deep and secret in his heart was the idea that some day he'd write a song that'd live forever, a song full of barber-shop and close harmony. A song like *Sweet Adeline* or *Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland* or *Down Mobile* or *Steve Hartigan's Rose of My Heart* or *Love Me and the World Is Mine*.

WELL, that was Tommy Cleary, then, twenty-six years old, and making thirty, forty, fifty thousand a year, and spending it, as has been said. A quiet little fellow in a dark suit of clothes that cost a hundred and forty dollars, and a big roll of bills not carried in a wallet, and a few tunes in his head.

He drank to be sociable, but he had a deadly fear of it. And more than one of his relatives took him aside and warned him about it. The liquor was in the Clearys: they knew it. Many and many a tombstone there was out in Calvary to prove it. They'd tell him about this one and that one; the Clearys could draw instances from the

*There'd be Cleary,
a cigarette dangling
from his lip, playing
and playing.*

Monaghans and themselves; the Phelans knew the sad annals of their own family and the McMahons. If he'd been a drinking man, they'd have shrugged and said, "It's a good man's failing." But he wasn't. He was just a promising boy—a boy who might get somewhere—and so they told him. He wasn't just anyone to them. He was their one best bet; they were proud of him and solicitous for him; they wanted him to go on and on till he took his place beside Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms, till he'd written a song as good as *Oh, Dry Those Tears* or *She Is Far from the Land*. Each of them would glory in his success, then, and feel it to be a part of himself.

Now, it's said that there's a black sheep in every family. Among the Clearys it was Tommy's mother's uncle Dan.

Dan Cleary was a drunkard and a gambler. Tommy gambled, too, but never mind that. Tommy had never seen his granduncle Dan, but he'd heard plenty about him.

This Dan Cleary hadn't set foot in New York for years. He'd skipped out after he'd gotten into a little trouble, as the tender phrase is. Nobody ever told Tommy just what that trouble was, and it doesn't matter. They did tell him that his granduncle Dan was a big, soft fellow, open-handed, kind-hearted, and a fool. He drank; he gambled; he did this and that, until he had to sneak out of the state. A good fella, too, mind you, they'd say, and shake their heads.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[A HARP FROM TIN-PAN ALLEY]
Continued from page seventy-five

Most of them believed that Dan Cleary was dead and gone these many years. He wasn't.

He'd gone to Baltimore and to Boston and to Pittsburgh and to New Orleans and to various other towns. He hadn't done well anywhere. His brother Mike could have told you where he'd been.

Mike would hear from him every once in a while. He'd be asking for a few dollars. He'd get it, too.

Mike Cleary was a motor-man, and mighty little money he ever had to spare, but he'd get it together somehow, when his brother asked him. He'd borrow it, if it were necessary, and he wouldn't go into long explanations of why he wanted it, either. He'd be too ashamed. A graceful, tactful man Mike Cleary was not. He was a decent, hard-working fellow, and as thick as a boot.

Don't think that Dan Cleary was pestering him every week or every month. Dan had his weakness, but he'd work steadily enough until his thirst got the better of him. Then he'd go on a spree, and wind up in the gutter. He'd pick himself up and go look for another job. If he found it he wouldn't bother anybody. Sometimes it'd be a year or more before his brother Mike would hear from him. He wouldn't ask for much—ten dollars, twenty-five, the price of an overcoat, something like that.

And Mike would get it for him, always and always. Sometimes he'd get it from Alderman Monaghan, his brother-in-law. When Tommy Cleary began to get up in the world, Mike would borrow it from him. He'd pay him back when he could, and Tommy never refused it, for his granduncle Mike was a solemn, dour man, and easily offended.

Tommy never knew this money was for Dan and neither did Monaghan. And Dan Cleary never knew where the money was coming from, either. Mike wouldn't say he had to borrow the money. He'd just send it.

AT any rate, Dan Cleary wasn't disgracing the name any longer. He'd become Daniel Jackson, quite informally, when he'd left New York. Apparently he'd been in no more little troubles since that time, for he had no other alias. He had no trade; he'd done every sort of casual labor; he'd had every mean and dirty job in the world. Waiter, porter, harvest hand, errand boy, dishwasher, day laborer—he'd been all of these. Every nickel he got he'd bet on the horses, nursing his thirst along until it got too much for him. If he won a little bet, he'd buy liquor. He didn't drink every day—one drink didn't do him any good, or two, or three. He had to devote time and money to it. That was Tommy Cleary's granduncle Dan. Fifty-five years old he was.

Now, the show business and sport and the underworld are always closely related to each other, and that's never been more true than it is today. Chorus girls used to be the sweethearts of the gilded aristocracy; they travel with gunmen now. Professional gamblers finance shows; horse racing is no longer the sport of kings. The money gained by running alcohol has taken the place of the

money that used to be made in steel, and then diverted to the use of the lively arts. Actors and sportsmen and yeggs use the same slang—yes, and the same money.

Tommy Cleary was gambling. He wasn't a skillful gambler; he was too much of an optimist. The wise boys smiled when they saw him coming. He'd written the music for a Broadway show that was a box-office smash, and he was well worth taking.

One night they nicked him for eighteen thousand dollars in a stud-poker game. Afterward he found out that he'd been up against a set of readers. It was at a friend's house, too. Another friend told him about it.

That didn't make such a big hit with Tommy. He was getting to think he was a pretty wise boy by this time. He quit the gambling for a while, and he made a few remarks, which didn't do him any good except to relieve his feelings. He wasn't a hot-headed fellow usually, but cheating in a game was something new to him, and he made quite a noise about it.

He began to get suspicious of everyone. He was twenty-nine years old, and even a bachelor begins to ask himself some serious questions at that age.

He was tired of being a good thing. When someone would approach him with a hard-luck story, he'd listen without expression, and then seek to settle for fifty cents on the dollar, if it were possible. He wasn't too successful. Still, that was how he was beginning to look at everything.

Also, as other public performers do, he was starting to wonder how long he was going to last. That worries a song writer as much as it does any woman.

YOU don't last forever in the song-writing line. A few do, not many. You've only got just so many ideas. You may get out of date. You may lose that funny thing—that thing which you yourself don't understand—the thing that makes you click, while others are a flop. It isn't a job you can work at, exactly. You just keep banging them out, banging them out. What else can you do?

Judas! you say to yourself, that last one was hard to put across. They're getting harder all the time. Did I steal that wow from Berlin? Is this a steal? Is that a steal? Am I slipping, huh? Am I gonna slip?

If you were only in some other line, some other line, see? where you could work eight hours a day, and know that you were gonna get somewhere. Some line where you wouldn't spend days and weeks trying and trying, and then chucking them away.

It wouldn't be so bad if you were only like Gershwin or Jerome Kern. If you knew music; if you had technique, if the highbrows liked your stuff! Maybe they're not your customers, but they ought to know what's good, huh?

It'd be O. K. if you were Schubert or Grieg or one of those guys everybody says "Oh, yeah," about, only nobody whistles their numbers. But you're not. You know you're not. You're just a Tin-Pan Alley boy. Just a boy that bangs them out.

You're not writing songs out of today. Nobody is. You're writing them out of your kid days; the days when spring had you by the back of the neck; the days when you thought all you had to do was write a big number, and then everything'd be soft.

And you're getting older all the time. Older and tighter and wiser, and it don't do you no good to get too wise,



Two hard-looking gentlemen requested the pleasure of an interview.

if you're gonna write songs. You wanted to travel with the wise mob. Well, you got your wish.

What you gonna do now if this goes? What you gonna do? What you got left? Nothing! Not a thing. You, you can't even sit in a card game any more; you're looking at the corners of the deck for readers; you're feeling the edges for strippers. You're leary of your friends; you're tight with your jack—

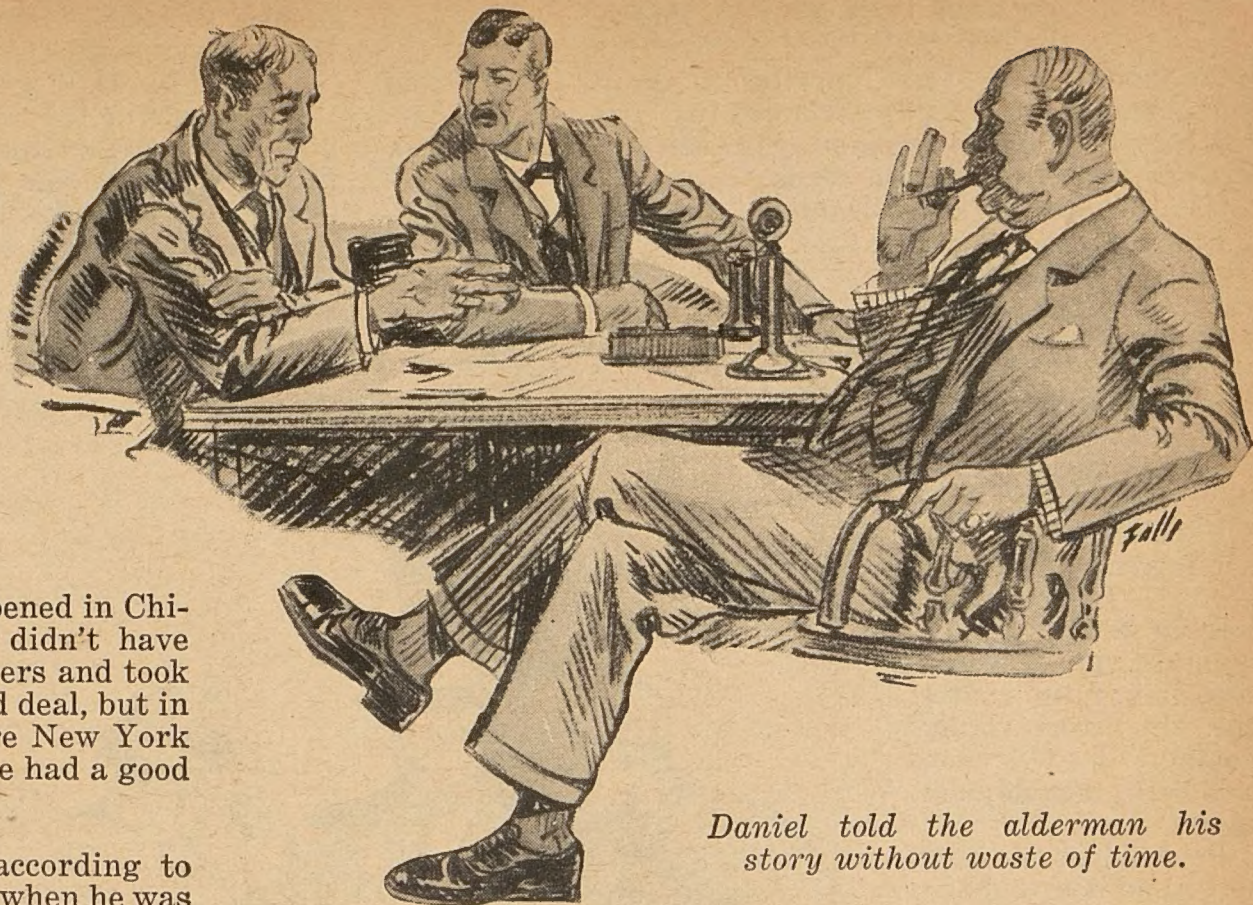
Now, that's a blurred cross-section of the mind of Tommy Cleary one day when he felt low. He was sitting in the Pullman of a Lake Shore train—his show opened in Chicago the following Monday. He didn't have much to do—just played two numbers and took a bashful bow. It bored him a good deal, but in Chicago if they don't get the entire New York production they feel aggrieved. He had a good big piece of that show, too.

THE show opened in Chicago according to schedule. Wednesday evening, when he was standing in the wings, two hard-looking gentlemen nodded to him, and requested the pleasure of an interview at some more secluded spot. And he looked at them, and said "O. K."

Later on, they put their little proposition up to him. He, Tommy Cleary, could pay them, personally, a thousand dollars a week for the run of the show. Or else.

Tommy listened impassively. His visitors didn't impress him particularly. He'd heard of shakedowns, indeed, he'd had his experience with them. He was a wise boy from New York; he didn't take Chicago gangs too seriously. Besides which, he was just then in such a frame of mind that he didn't care much whether school kept or not.

He wasn't aware that this was a brand-new racket, and an earnest one. They weren't fooling, not a bit. It had suddenly occurred to someone high



Daniel told the alderman his story without waste of time.

in the councils of the Chicago underworld that actors were a good source of income for them. An actor leads an unsheltered life; he keeps late hours; he makes good money. If the police won't protect laundrymen, or newspaper-delivery boys—and they certainly don't—why should they be solicitous for the safety of mere strolling players?

It's a good racket, all right, and it works. Ask anybody in the show business who's played Chi lately.

Also, they'd been tipped off to take Tommy Cleary for plenty.

Tommy Cleary wasn't inclined to pay them a grand a week, or any part thereof. He requested the names of their principals; they told him he needn't bother about that. All he had to do was to lay the jack, or money, on the line the following Saturday night.

That Saturday night Tommy again received his visitors and again declined to pay anything. He'd bought an automatic instead. They gave him till the following Wednesday.

THAT was Saturday. Tuesday night, Mike Cleary, the motorman, heard a ring at his door. He opened it. A shabby old man stood there.

"Dan," he said.

"Yes, it's me, Mike," said his brother. He was trembling; he looked very old and frightened to death.

"Who's inside?" he said.

"Only the family."

"Get your hat, Mike, and come out with me. I—I've got something very important to say."

"Come inside, then."

"I don't want to—to meet them all," said Mike. "Can't we go somewhere?"

"I'll get rid of them," said Mike. "Wait here in the hall."

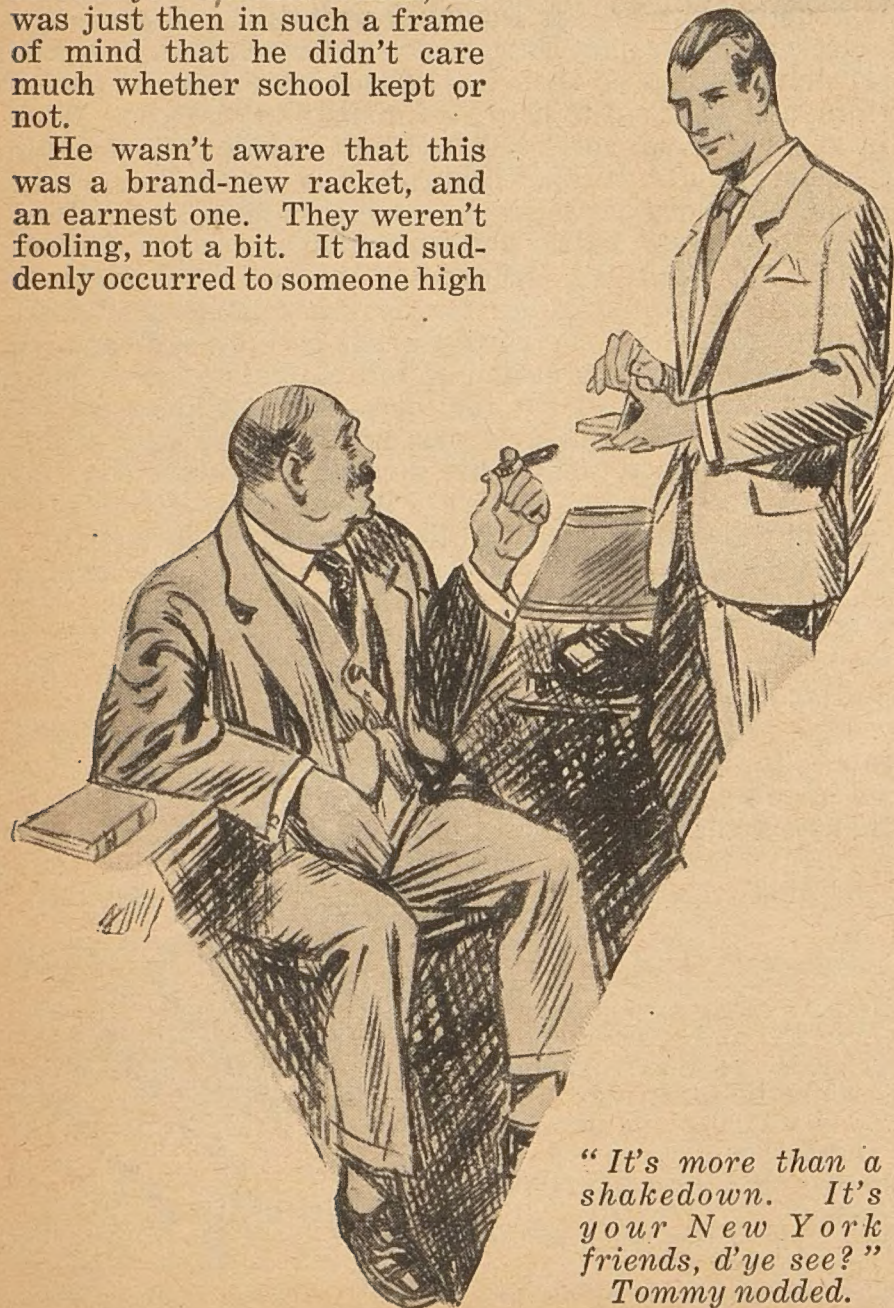
In a moment he was back again. "Come on in here, Dan," he said. "What's on your mind?"

In ten minutes the Cleary brothers were indulging in an unprecedented extravagance. They were driving in a taxicab to see Alderman Monaghan, their brother-in-law.

Daniel told the alderman his story without waste of time. He'd been working in a speakeasy in Philadelphia, over on Ridge Avenue, or Callowhill Street, or Race, or Vine, and he'd heard a little something. He had, indeed. A party of Kensington or Southwark boys were making a trip to Chicago on business. Some of it was Tommy Cleary.

That's the way it's worked nowadays, so they say. If there's a little rough work to be done in New York,

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]



"It's more than a shakedown. It's your New York friends, d'ye see?" Tommy nodded.

[A HARP FROM TIN-PAN ALLEY]
Continued from page seventy-seven

Indianapolis boys are imported to do it. If it's in Chicago, eastern boys are brought in. They go in a car, and they have an assortment of license plates, and so on. It's getting to be quite a trade.

"Who's behind this, Daniel?" inquired Monaghan.

Daniel Cleary was silent. "New York guys," he said at last. "That's what I hear."

"Agh," said Monaghan, and stroked his mustache.

"Alderman," said Dan timidly, "if you—I don't want to make a nuisance of myself—you— If I have any trouble getting out of the state, you'll—you'll keep it in mind that I did this for young Tommy? I—I've been in a little trouble, you know."

Poor old Dan Cleary never had heard of the well known statute of limitations.

"I'll do my best for you," said the alderman majestically. "Have you any money? Here. That'll get you back to Philly."

It would, indeed. It was fifty dollars.

"Now, then," said Alderman Monaghan. "Now I'll be sending a couple of telegrams. We'll show these blackguards whether they can do this to the Monaghans—and the Clearys. Good-by, Dan. Good luck. Drop us a line. Mike, come in in a few days. I'll be going to Chicago myself. I'll let you know. Mind the step, boys. Good night."

So it happened that for the next week Tommy Cleary was guarded day and night by practically a platoon of Pinkertons. They challenged Monaghan when he presented his huge bulk at his nephew's door on Tuesday.

"I'm hiring you," he said to them contemptuously. "I'm Bill Monaghan. I'm glad to see you're on the job."

"SO, then," he said to Tommy Cleary. "Do you see what it is you're up against?"

"Uh-huh," said Tommy.

"It's more than a shakedown you're up against. It's your New York friends, d'ye see?"

Tommy nodded.

"Now, you'll not pay a thousand a week to *them*, see? But you'll pay a thousand to the—the—the other bunch of hoodlums that run this town. Or I will, if you're too thick-headed."

"Uh-huh," said Tommy.

"I think no one will trouble you now. From now on, this Louis Martone has adopted you, see? Nobody wants trouble with Louis. Forty years in New York politics

taught me one thing: always see the big guy. Well, Louis Martone is the big guy, see?"

"Uh-huh. O. K., Uncle Bill."

"And maybe the next time you buck a crooked game, you'll shut up and not squawk so loud. They take thirty thousand away from you, and put a slug in you for hollering. New York's getting to be a lively town."

"It was only eighteen, Uncle Bill."

"Well. Well, there's risks in every line of business. But there's no good running into a stone wall."

"This—this Dan Cleary, Uncle Bill. I—I got to square this with him. Judas! I never even saw the guy, and he does this for me."

"And why wouldn't he? Why wouldn't he? Ain't you his nephew?" said Monaghan.

WELL, Dan Cleary is living in style now in Jersey City. He gets thirty-five a week, each and every week, from his grandnephew Tommy Cleary. With this money he buys liquor and makes parlays. He owes something like seventy-four dollars for board, or thinks he does. His

landlady quietly sends the bill to Tommy, according to instructions, whenever Daniel is seriously in arrears.

He's an old tramp, Dan Cleary, but when it came to the scratch he followed the old traditions: he dropped everything and went out to help his kinsman in distress. Why, in the old days, so they'll tell you, when you got into trouble, you didn't cry, "Help!" You just hollered your name, and your people would come rushing out. They used to go into battle shouting their names, "O'Donnell!" "O'Neill!" "Brady!" "Malone!" And those beside them would listen to the great noise they were making, and shout their own names as they ran forward to clear the way. A nation of individualists, yes. They haven't much use for abstractions. All they know is "me and mine." Everything's personal with them.

As for Tommy Cleary, his gift, or whatever it is, has not yet deserted him. He's still worrying about himself, but every once in a while he thinks of a new tune. When that happens he can't sleep that night, his head is so full of it. He's happy, then, for about two days.

Nobody's bumped him off, as yet. And he's still a bachelor. Being a sort of artist, even if he does get married, perhaps he won't settle down.

He's still known as a sucker, an easy mark, a shining target for a hard-luck story. He thinks he's pretty wise. He hasn't saved a nickel. But it's a swell penny whistle that he's got, and he's piping away bravely at the stars.

THE END



He'd been working in a speakeasy, and he'd heard a little something.

Here Are the Mistakes on Page 24

The picture at the left is hanging upside down.

The electric bulbs in the floor lamp project above the lamp shade.

There is no minute hand on the clock.

The lamp on the table is without a base.

The man is reading a magazine held upside down.

He is smoking a pipe and holding a lighted cigar.

He is wearing a combination of eyeglasses and spectacles.

A leg is missing from the chair in which he is sitting.

He is wearing one oxford and one high shoe.

He has only three fingers on his left hand.

The ends of the couch at the left do not match.

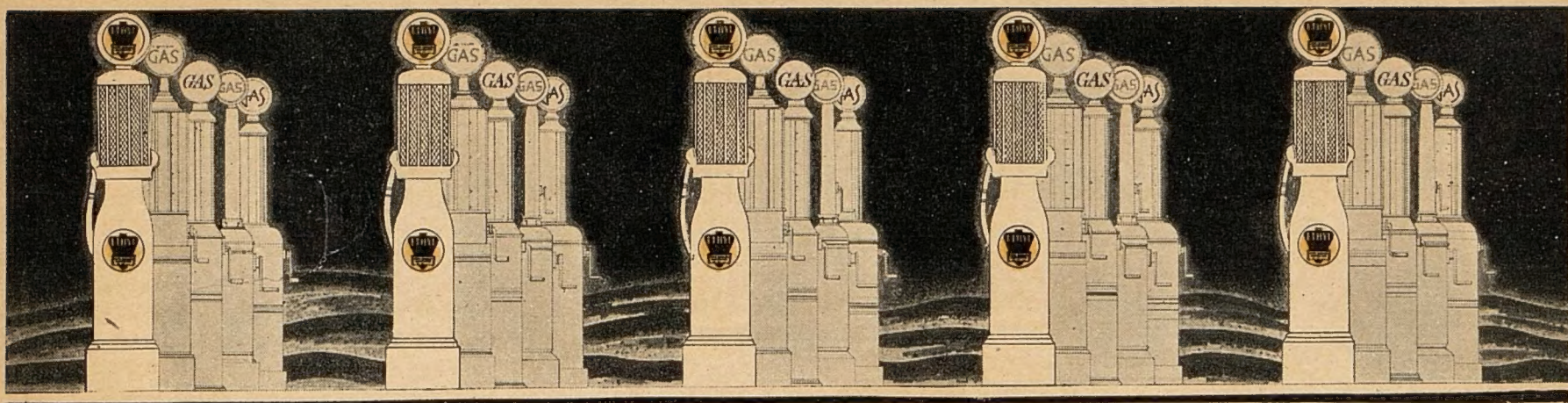
The woman is wearing one white and one black stocking.

METED BRAND THESE
AROSE EELER HEATS
NO ELITE METER EN
ODD ARA LEWES SEE
RERATE MIS EIDERS
ASE DAVIS SIT
ASKS HONESTY GODS
STEALINGS AIM NUT
SE MORAY PLEAD NI
EAT GET DALLIANCE
SLEW DEDUCED TIES
NOT SIDED WEN
STONES RED RISERS
TAR SIRS WAD SIP
OR ATTIC ARMED PA
LEAVE STARE NOTED
ESTER ESSEN SEINE

Answer to the puzzle
on page 72

TAMS STAMP MOLT
AREA CIGAR ERIA
VENTRAL TORNADO
IAN VINES
APART PINE USED
SANE BOSS FRAME
SLY ALEC ELATER
IA ELEMENTAL NI
STALE REAP ADD
TALES HASH CREE
SLAV PETS BRADS
AGATE HUE
MISTERM BERATES
ERIE MATER SASH
TEND ANILE ELSE

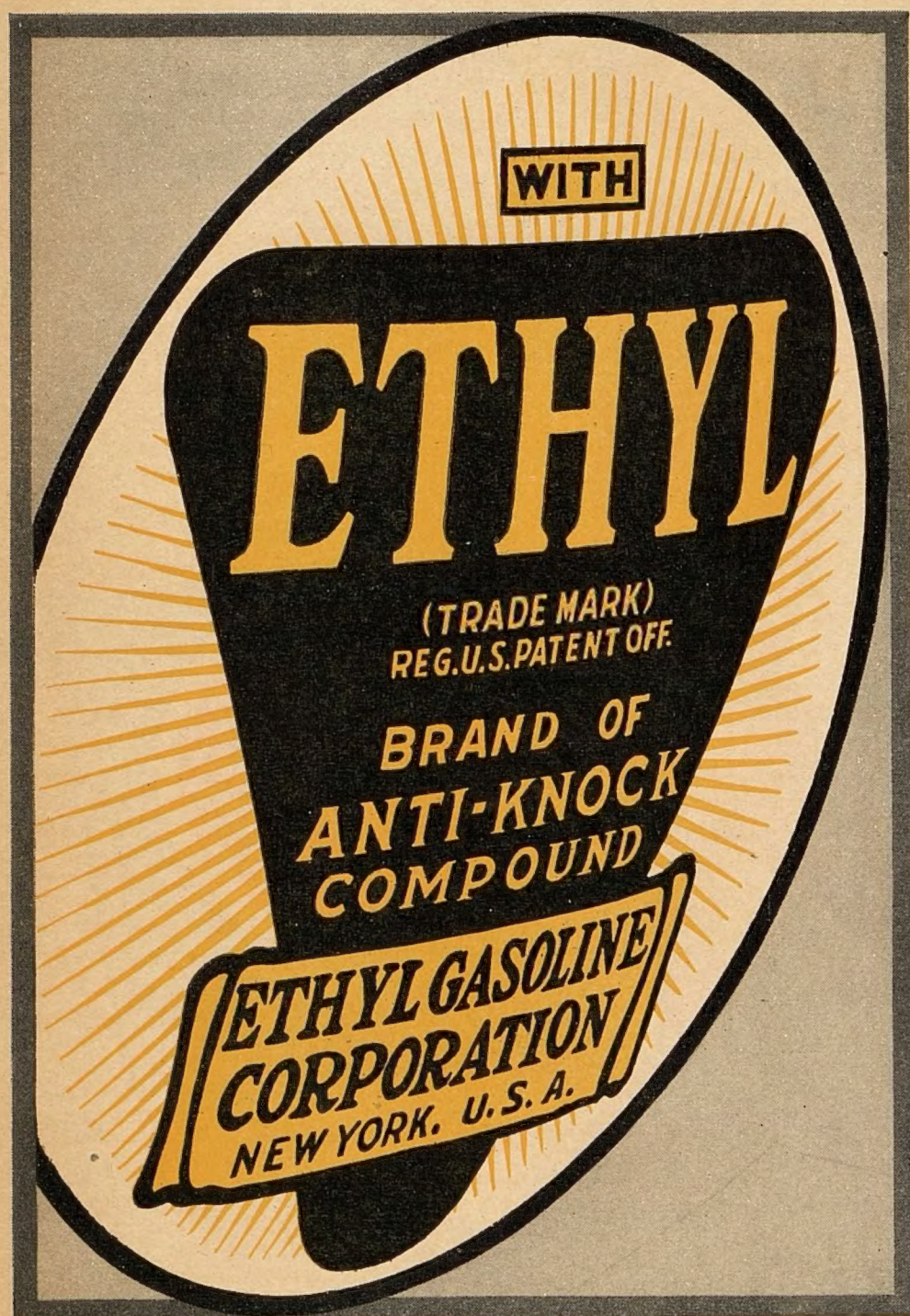
Answer to the puzzle
on page 73



EVERY FIFTH PUMP

(Thanks to You!)

is now an ETHYL pump

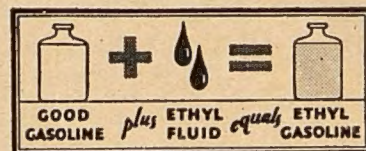


YOU, and millions just as sensible as you, have discovered that more than gasoline comes out of a pump that carries the Ethyl emblem. Ethyl Gasoline is good gasoline *plus*.

That *plus* is Ethyl fluid. It controls gasoline combustion. Inside the engine, ordinary gasoline explodes in a series of sharp, hurried bursts. But Ethyl Gasoline explodes with gathering force that delivers the maximum power of the engine in smooth, unwavering thrusts.

That's why Ethyl Gasoline improves the performance of any car, whatever its size, type or age. That's why 75 leading oil refining companies now mix Ethyl fluid with their gasoline to make Ethyl Gasoline, today the biggest-selling gasoline in America.

Ethyl Gasoline gives greater power, quicker pick-up, and smoother, more efficient motor performance. Try it yourself. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York City.



Knocks out that "knock"

Wherever you drive—whatever the oil company's name or brand associated with it—any pump bearing the Ethyl emblem represents quality gasoline of anti-knock rating sufficiently high to "knock out" that "knock" in cars of average compression and bring out the additional power of the new high-compression cars.

The active ingredient used in Ethyl fluid is lead.

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ETHYL GASOLINE

BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE

When tempted to over-indulge

"Reach for a Lucky instead"



Be moderate—be moderate in all things, even in smoking. Avoid that future shadow* by avoiding over-indulgence, if you would maintain that modern, ever-youthful figure. "Reach for a Lucky instead."

Lucky Strike, the finest Cigarette you ever smoked, made of the finest tobacco—The Cream of the Crop—"IT'S TOASTED." **Lucky Strike** has an extra, secret heating process. Everyone knows that heat purifies and so 20,679 physicians say that **Luckies** are less irritating to your throat.



"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection — against irritation — against cough.

© 1930. The American Tobacco Co., Manufacturers

*We do not say smoking **Luckies** reduces flesh. We do say when tempted to over-indulge, "Reach for a **Lucky** instead."